TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

FOURTH OF JULY IN ARKANSAS.

BY GEORGE S. LIGHT.

Not a sound of a drum or a flag to be seen
To hail the bright morn of the Fourth of July;
Not a gun was there heard—all was calm and serene
As the sun 'rose in splendor to illumine the sky;
Birthday of the Nation full of hopes and of fears;
Land christened freedom by its blood and its tears.

No shouting for joy to welcome the day;
No prayers offered up to preserve it through time;
No strains of sweet music, not even a lay;
Nor bells peeling forth either note or a chime;
No shaking of hands for love or in tears,
All had played out of mind and forgotten in years.

No meeting in groves; no mingling of souls;
No speaking or songs to enliven the day;
No marching or dancing 'round liberty poles;
Nor thanks for the boon by any display;
No bonfires burning, no glare and no mirth;
No regard for the day that the Nation gave birth.

No altars were reared, no sacrifice slain,
To remind through their blood the price of the boon;
No feasts were prepared and on tables were lain
To gladden the hearts with food or of time;
No patriots standing around heard to say
They rejoiced in their souls for the birth of the day.

No bugles were sounding to call the alarm,
To remind them of scenes they had passed through in strife;
No clashing of stirrups, nor clatter of arms;
No booming of cannon as in conflict for life.
Birthday of the Nation that was sealed with the blood
Of its patriot fathers that on battlefields stood.

The smoke of the arms by the patriots used,
To establish the boon still hangs o'er the field;
And the sons of the sires the gift have refused
To protect it from harm or the patriot's shield,
Is the birthday of freedom in sorrow and gloom,
And hangs down her head at the sight of her tomb

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Roman Leginess—Difference in Beggars—Cigar Stubs and Rags—Fatherly Advice—Lotteries—Peasantry—Their Appearance.

I.

The Roman citizen of to-day can do more heavy laying around than any man encountered so fat. We are told that it is worse as you go further South, but it is impossible to conceive it. The favorite thing for a Roman to do is to get upon a flight of stairs in the sun, and lie there. He will lie there doing nothing, apparently thinking of nothing, regarding the passers by with a sort of idle curiosity, just as long as the sun shines upon him, never moving, never stirring, scarcely winking. To wink would be to make an exertion and that is what he won't do. Hunger compels him to move sometimes in search of a crust, for his gastric juices are active, the only active thing about him; but he accomplishes this with as little expenditure of effort as possible. And when he moves to get a crust he is too lazy to come back to his old place, but seeks out another warm spot nearer and lies there satisfied and happy till the ever-recurring hunger makes another move ment a necessity.

You shall see the innumerable flights of stone stairs with which Rome abounds covered with these people, men, women and children, any sunny day, clad in as near nothing as possible, from the time it warms up in the morning till it becomes too cold in the afternoon. Where they go at night, or where they burrow when it rains, no one knows. The foxes have holes, and it is to be presumed these vermin have.

HOW THEY EXIST.

How they subsist is easily enough ascertained. They pose as models for artists for a couple of francs a day, and the children are all beggars, professional, impudent beggars, trained to beg from the time they can walk, nay, doing service before they can walk, for their mothers, or other women, carry them to excite sympathy from the time they are born.

It is said that a Roman child has its right arm put into irons in its infancy, so that it may grow extended, but that is probably not a truth. Its parents are so infernally lazy that they would never muster energy enough to find the irons. The extended hand comes to them naturally; being born of a long line of beggars they inherit it. It is in the blood, the same as trotting is, and the style of the different families is as distinguishable, the same as the peculiarities in families of trotting horses.

VARIETIES OF BEGGARS.

Each City has its own style. The Venetian child is noted for persistence in simple asking with a whine. The Florentine has quite as great staying qualities with a more artistic whine and more eloquence in his tone, and can show sores to better advantage than the others. The Florentine is an artistic vagabond, who begs by rule. He makes no mistakes. He is gotten up with especial reference to begging, and he is as keen at it as a Wall street broker is at his trade. He looks hungry, he acts hungry, he shivers as naturally as though he was perishing with cold, and when you pass by without responding to his appeal, he looks at you with reproachful eyes, half full of tears, as though you had committed the unpardonable sin, of which he was the victim.

The young Roman beggar attempts to wheedle you out of a copper by sheer good-natured impudence. He will commence with a whine of famine, but being looked squarely in the face will abandon the role of the starving sufferer and take on that of the buffoon. He will limp and whine for a minute, and then burst out into a laugh and turn a handspring. He follows you as long as either of the others, and is quite as annoying, but he does it in a different way.

The adult Roman beggar has peculiarities which those of no other cities possess. One old woman on the Piazza D'spagna, lives on an ulcer, doubtless created for her business, which is located on her leg, quite a liberal distance above the knee. She says never a word, but for each passer-by pulls up her dress so as to show the disgusting score. The male beggar whose legs would excite no curiosity, has always an ulcer on his breast, and the scant clothing he wears requires no displacement to exhibit it. As there are thousands of these vermin, one gets in a day an anotomical museum of cancers and cheerful things of like nature, without further cost than a few pennies. Indeed he sees them whether he contributes to their possessors or not.

The Roman beggar has, it must be confessed, a certain financial ability which cannot be too much admired. He never begs of an Italian for he knows it will avail nothing, the etiquette being as it was in the old days of highway robbery in England, the highwayman never stopping one of his own profession. The farthest they go in this with each other, is the beggar will come into a restaurant where an Italian is taking an economical breakfast on coffee and bread, and modestly ask for what sugar he does not use in his coffee. In restaurants so many lumps of sugar are given for each portion of coffee, and it is the regular thing to put any surplus there may be in the pocket. As this is inconvenient, the good-natured man will give the extra lumps to the fortunate beggar who may happen in at the right time. Two or three lumps of sugar is quite a find for these pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, and by haunting the cafes all the morning and from four in the afternoon, a very fair living is attained.

CIGAR-STUBS.

Picking up cigar-stubs is another important industry in Rome. After dark you shall see hundreds of very vile-looking men who, to all appearances, have nothing to hope for in this world, going about with a lantern on the end of a stick so as to disclose anything that may be upon the pavement, scanning every inch of ground they pass over as though there was a treasure for them somewnere, if they could only find it. Ever and anon they jab at something with another stick in their right hand, which has a spike in it, and they bring that something from the pavement which they drop into a bag. It is a cigar-stub, cigar-stubs being what they are after. If it is one-half smoked it is sold to aristocratic Romans who cannot afford whole cigars. If too far gone for that it is sold to tobacconists who wash it, dry it and it goes into cigarettes or snuff. You meet these midnight prowlers everywhere, especially about the entrances to theaters and late cafes where gentlemen either throw away half-smoked cigars on entering or stop to light a fresh one on emerging. It is a frightfully used-up cigar that escapes them.

Occasionally a reckless boy smokes the stubs himself, instead of selling them, but he is looked upon as an improvident spendthrift, a reckless ne'er-do-well who will not get on in the world.

Rag-picking is carried on to some extent but it is not a profitable trade. The trouble is the Roman never gets through with his rags. When a pair of trowsers or a shirt can be patched no longer it is used to wrap around the feet in the place of stockings, and is there worn till it is entirely gone. There is a residuum left which cannot be used to any purpose about the person, but it is worn so long and thoroughly that gathering of rags is not a business that can be followed to advantage. But cigars are smoked only to the very tip, and that tip can be used for other forms of tobacco, and so that trade flourishes.

The cigar picker combines his business with begging, and manages by the double industry to get enough to eat and some place to sleep, which is all he ever hopes for.

The authorities are making an effort to suppress mendicancy, but with very little success. They can't kill these people, and they won't work. There are too many of them to confine in workhouses, and, after all, there is no work for them to do in the city. None of the Italian cities manufacture to any extent, they cannot all be artists in music, painting and sculpture, nor can they all keep hotels and boarding-houses. So they live as do the artists and hotel people—on tourists only in another way. It doesn't cost much, for they live on what others throw away, and the climate is so mild that they get on very well without shelter or fuel; and a few coppers and the garbage to be picked up gives them food.

There is some advantage in this life if one could only bring himself to it. Parents never worry about their children. They have no ambition, they never expect to be bank presidents or directors in railroad companies, nor have they reason to care for the future of those they bring into the world. They are born of beggars and expect to die beggars. The child beggar is as well off as the adult and even better, for unless an adult is favored with a cancer, or a sore of some kind it is more difficult to extract coppers from passers by than it is for a handsome little girl or boy.

So when a child is trained to beg properly the parents hold it for their own use as long as possible, till the child rebels at parental control and sets up for itself. Then the parents have no more care for it than a cow for its calf. Once graduated parental duty is discharged, and the child goes off by itself and begs upon its own account.

THE MODERN ROMAN FATHER.

It is not difficult to imagine a Roman beggar giving parting instructions to his son who has reached the age at which he may commence life for himself. It probably runs thus:

"You are now old enough, my child, to abandon your father and mother and do for yourself. We have done everything that we could for you, and you start in life under very fair auspices. We have taught you the best ruins in which to sleep nights, you know the warmest stairs and walls on which to lie in the sun, and you have been shown the thorofares where those who are careless with their money most congregate. And above all, you have had our example, and that is education enough for a Roman.

"I regret that you have not a cancer to show, or even a fever sore, but you have been taught the trick of turning up the whites of the eyes to simulate blindness, and that will do very well. The saints may favor you with a sore one of these days, but even without you may get on very well. One can't have everything.

"Never forget your profession and never think of abandoning it. The moment a beggar thinks of anything else, his features change so as to unfit him for begging, and thus he loses one profession without gaining another. And remember never change the expression of your features when alone by yourself. That is the very time you should assume a still more starved look, so that when you come upon an American he cannot but be convinced that you are absolutely hungry and will chuck you a copper. Eternal whining is the price of coppers.

"Never be so weak as to have a suit of good clothes hidden somewhere to use in going to balls or to dress up on festival days. The professional who once permits himself to wear good clothes never gets back to his rags with any naturalness. To dance is to destroy your natural carriage which should be one of perpetual suffering from hunger and cold. And then it unsettles your mind and gives you longings for something else besides the business of your life. I have known promising young beggars to get to dancing and get so unsettled that they went to trades.

"When a man has kicked you, or kicked at you never revile him, or say ugly words to him. Meekness is the great thing in our business. Rather turn, and with tears in your eyes say that you will implore the saints to intercede for him for being cruel to a helpless being, and whine a portion of a prayer for him. And then hold out your hands again to him. Frequently I have got a charity in this way which was a really a good one. To use harsh language when you are kicked not only shuts off your chance but it injures the profession. It destroys confidence in beggars as a class.

"Never throw away bread till after the giver is out of sight. I always eat it whether I want it or not, on the same principle that I always keep on my begging face in private as well as public. It is a great point to really *feel* poor and distressed. Then you can the more easily show it. Never permit yourself to look comfortable till you have accumulated money enough to retire from business with a fortune, and have bought a title and can live on your income like a gentleman. Never do it while you are engaged in business. The great point is, while you are in business to think of nothing else."

"It would be a good thing to practise running in a gymnasium, that you may follow a carriage a long distance, with the whites of your eyes turned up. People, especially ladies, may not intend to give, to begin with, but there is in every carriage some one who will tire of seeing you, and will fling you a copper to get rid of you. To be able to run a long distance is a very important thing, and the Government really ought to give us a gymnasium in which to practise. However, it costs but a trifle to practice by yourself, and you should not neglect it.

"Never lose an opportunity to beg. It don't matter that you have money and bread enough to last you a week. There are other weeks coming, and then you want capital on which to retire in your old age. I have not accumulated, for reasons. Then again there are bad seasons when Americans do not come, and there are days when it rains and the people are not out. Make hay while the sun shines.

"Never gamble in stocks or at other games. It is well enough to always have a few lottery tickets, for the Government needs money, and it is a good Govern ment, that we should support. Any other Government would have us all in the workhouses and cruelly compel us to work for our bread. Buy lottery tickets, both because you *may* win the great prize and to support the government which tolerates us. But never go into the stock-market. That has been my ruin, and the wise son follows not in the footsteps of a foolish father. The lives of great men are chiefly useful in teaching us what to avoid.

"Never tackle an Italian nor an American who has spent a second season here. Of course you must hold out your hand to them that the unwary may not know you know anything; but what I mean is don't be disappointed if you get nothing from them. Also, never expect anything from a man with his overcoat buttoned up or a woman in complete wraps. Their money is always inside, and the world is too cruel to go to any trouble to relieve suffering. What you want is the good man who comes out of his hotel with his coat unbuttoned, and on his first arrival. You may always count upon him, and you must haunt the places where such are to be found.

"Never be seen eating in public. Go always behind a statue of the glorious Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or some other colossal statue to eat, and be sure you get on your hungriest face before you emerge. Practice will enable you to do without a looking-glass for this purpose in the course of time.

"With those few plain rules there is no reason why you cannot succeed. You come of a race of successful people on both sides. Your ancestors commenced as brigands, and only adopted begging when brigandage was suppressed. So far back as we have any records of the family not one of them ever did a stroke of work, and it is my hope that not one ever will. Go, my son, and prosper."

How many beggars there are in Rome is not known, but as the population of the city is put down at 310,000, it would be a safe estimate to estimate them at 100,000. Possibly this estimate is too low. It is based upon constant and continued walks along the streets.

Laziness and disinclination to effort is not confined to the beggars in Rome by any means. The entire population will permit a very slight excuse to take them from work, and a still slighter one to keep them away. In Summer time the shops are closed at mid-day, and business is entirely suspended. The heat gives them an excuse, but as the thermometerical range is scarcely ever above about 80°, any other would do as well. The fact is they don't like to work. They prefer to earn a few pennies and invest it in lotteries, hoping. If pious, that the saints will give them the grand prize and make further labor unnecessary, and if not pious, that luck will follow them to a happy ending of labor.

LOTTERIES.

Every good Roman buys a lottery ticket, or a share in one, every Saturday, if it be possible to compass the means. And this they do year after year, the occasional prizes given as bait being sufficient to keep them at the almost hopeless game. Every beggar knows or has heard of some beggar who has drawn 100,000 lire, and he buys on, hoping that his time will come at last.

As in America every gambler believes he has a system that will win in time, if followed, so every Roman of the lower class, believes most, devoutly that some especial line of action will give him one of the grand prizes if he buys tickets long enough, and follows his especial scheme with sufficient persistency. Their scheme has, invariably, some connection with religious matters. They all have some particular Saint whose protection they invoke. They all believe in dreams and omens, and between the Saint and the dreams and omens, they all have faith that their turn will come, sooner later. And so they beg a trifle, or steal a trifle, it makes no difference which, do some extra act of devotion, offer up an extra prayer to their Saint, and invest in a lottery ticket. If they win they credit it up to the saint—if they lose they conclude they have not done enough devotion and they redouble their steal and their piety, and try it again. And so they keep on all their unblessed lives, praying, and stealing, and buying lottery tickets.

The Government and the managers of other lotteries make too good a thing of it to stop it, and as there is no end to the saints and no end to the superstitious laziness of the people, it is probable that lotteries will flourish in Rome, as in other parts of Italy, forever. It has always been so and doubtless always will be.

ROMAN PEASANTRY.

The condition of the Roman peasantry is wretched in the extreme, that is it would be wretched to any other people, but they seem to like it and thrive under it. The Campagna, the vast plain that surrounds Rome, is as rich a body of land as there is in the world, with a climate that makes several crops a year, of various kinds, possible. But it is owned by Princes or Church dignitaries in large bodies, and the people who work it, or work at it, are mere laborers with the privilege of living on the land. They herd together in large houses on earthen floors, with no heat or comforts, to say nothing of the decencies of life, and live from year to year clothed in rags and subsisting on very bad bread and worse wine. As they are the laziest laborers in the world, possibly they are paid all they are worth, but certainly no agricultural people gets so little or fares worse.

They do not have the common decencies of life, thirty, 40 or 50, all herded together, men, women and children in one room, sleeping like pigs and eating not much better.

They know nothing better, expect nothing better, and what hope is they know not. Their fathers lived in this way before them, and they expect their children to so live after them. Their little savings disappear the first festival day, for they will not work when there is an excuse for idleness, and the highest pleasure they have is a lazy day in the City, with a stomach full of wine and bread and a warm flight of stone stairs on which to lie and bask in the sun. They come to it gladly and leave it reluctantly. They neither read or write, they know nothing beyond the religion taught them, and that they observe, why they know not and care not.

It is very poor material out of which to create a State, but it is what Italy has got.

Their tools are of the most primitive and clumsy kinds, and the work they do with them are as slovenly as their tools are awkward. Their favorite labor is leaning against a stone wall, staring blankly at passers-by, or stretched out at full length upon a sunny bank. There being no warmth in their houses the sun is a never-failing source of delight to them. It furnishes them all the heat they have.

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.

The Roman peasant who finds his way into the City is a picturesque being. The costume of the male commences with a slouch hat, surrounded with a ribbon almost as wide as the crown, with a peacock, or some other kind of a feather, stuck in in it; a jacket, generally of blue, open at the throat; a sash of scarlet, with one end pendant; knee-breeches, always badly worn; long woolen stockings, ending with feet wrapped in a thousand kinds of rags, and a sort of sole of a shoe which is held on the bottom of the foot with curious garters, either of cloth or leather, which wind halfway up the legs. He is always bearded and always dirty.

The women wear bodices very like corsets, with skirts of a pronounced color that come to the top of where the shoe ought to be, with a cross-barred apron in front, and a napkin folded flat on their heads, hanging half way to the waist, all in high colors, red and yellow generally predominating except in the napkin.

The men look like modified brigands, which indeed they are, and the women, with their dark olive faces and large expressive eyes, are always striking, and generally beautiful. They have not the wondrous beauty of the Hungarian women, or the intelligent look of the English and German, but there is a gravity, a stateliness, no matter what the size of the woman, a sort of dignity that makes them wonderfully attractive.

They are quite as dirty as the men, except about the face, it being a rule of human nature that a woman will look well in the face if possible. The Roman woman sacrifices her natural tendency to dirt to her vanity.

The children of these peasants are wonderfully beautiful. They have dark olive faces, great lustrous eyes and remarkably fine and luxuriant black hair, and always good figures. Half of those seen lolling on the stone staircases in the vicinity of the Place d'Spagna are employed regularly by the artists as models, and their beauty and rags go, on canvas, all over the world.

The Romans from the campagna, that is those who work, preserve their breeches from the ravages of time by facing the legs thereof with the skins of animals. Dogskin is a favorite, tanned with the hair on, which gives them a wild, shaggy appearance, of a slightly ferocious nature. One would not like to meet one of these fellows on an unfrequented road, especially if he had a carbine in his hand. They look brigandish and there is no question but what they feel so. But under present rule their nearest approach to brigandage is begging, which they all practice with a perseverence which, applied to any regular, legitimate business, would make them all millionaires.

Our Story Teller.

For the BLADE:

UNKNOWN.

A SECRET OF THE RIVER.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

(Author of "The White Cat," "Four Flirts," "Throne and Scaffold," etc.)

"It was there—just under that clump of alders they pulled her out," he said, directing my attention to the exact spot by pointing with the stem of his pipe towards the weir.

It was one of those broiling days when the earth seems to quiver with heat, and the still water shines like molten metal. I had lazily paddled against a sluggish stream for a couple of miles, and then sought the pleasant shade and rose-scented fragrance of a riverside inn garden. It was early, and few boats were afloat, and the haggard, grizzled man who accosted me, and, had the lawn to ourselves.

"Pull her out?" I repeated languidly. "When, and whom?"

"When? A couple of years ago. Whom? That's what nobody knows to this day. She was young and beautiful; she wore an evening dress of white muslin, trimmed with cerise and lavender; there was a wedding ring upon her finger, and no other ornament. It was a chill, dank October morning, and the gray dawn had a hard struggle for it with the mist; when they found her floating in the eddy. You can see it from here, where the rush of water is divided by that island."

"And she was never identified?" I asked.

"That's where you're wrong," said he, refilling his pipe; "she *was*, and that's just where the trouble comes in."

It was not in human nature to refrain from asking an explanation, and he, nothing loth, told me the following story:

It seemed strange, of course, that there should be any difficulty in discovering the identity of a beautiful girl, dressed in a style of more than usual elegance. We thought first of all there must have been an accident, that a visitor in the darkness of night had tripped and fallen from one of the riverside terraces. But though we instituted rigorous inquiries, we could not hear of anyone missing in the neighborhood, and the position in which the body was discovered, and the evidently short time it had been in the water, precluded all idea of its having drifted from any distance. Ah! she was a beautiful girl! I can see her face just as they brought her ashore, with her long, wavy, light brown hair, floating over her white shoulders, one arm bent beneath her head, in somewhat of a contorted position the other trailing by her side. She was more than commonly tall, and her figure was grace itself. Her eyes, when bright with the light of life, must have been singularly fascinating, and even when glazed with the cold dim of death, had a kind of horrible beauty.

The expression of the face was calm and peaceful, apart from the glare of those marvelous, wide staring gray eyes.

We telegraphed up to London, and by the afternoon every riverside Town and Village knew of the mysterious discovery that had been made, and the next morning we had a message from headquarters in reply, "Body supposed to be the wife of Conrad Lewson, Regent's Park. Husband on road to identify."

He came down by an early train, and never have I seen a man in such a terrible state of excitement. He could hardly articulate; his face was ghastly pale, and looked even whiter than it was in contrast with the short jet black mustache he wore. His hands trembled, and he seemed at every moment as if he were about to faint.

It was a long time before we could induce him to view the body, although he had come from Town for that purpose. He entreated us to spare him the pain, and produced some half-dozen photographs so closely resembling the unfortunate young lady as to leave no doubt in our minds that it was the body of Mrs. Lewson which had been picked up that morning below the weir.

This, however, was not sufficient evidence, and after a protracted conversation, in which his grief was so overwhelming as to become hysterical, he agreed to follow us to where the unfortunate lady. The scene in the mortuary I shall never forget. It was painful, harrowing beyond the expression of words. He threw himself upon his knees by the side of the corpse and sobbed heartrending prayers for forgiveness, accusing himself as the cause of her death. He raved, he wept, he supplicated heaven to restore her to life, and, in short, behaved as a man whom grief had driven distraught.

At the inquest the explanation of his conduct filled us with pity and sympathy for him. The wife he had lost was dearer to him than all the world besides. He loved her with the wild fervor of a warmer clime than England—it transpired in the course of evidence that he was a South American, and that she was a native of France. Her maiden name Valerie Dupont. He was (he owned it) quick, hot-tempered, ill brooking contradiction. She, too, was fiery, jealous, and hastily impulsive. There had been a party at their house in the Regent's Park, and after their guests had left, words had arisin between them on a comparatively trifling matter—the details are of little consequence, but jealousy was at the bottom of it—and mutual recriminations ensued.

She, maddened by anger at some words he spoke, threatened to leave his house never to return, and he bade her do so were she so minded. She took him at his word, and without waiting to change the dress she wore, and simply snatching up a shawl, and wrapping it about her, she went forth into the chill night.

He never saw her alive again.

His story up to such point as was possible, was fully corroborated by reliable witnesses, but from the time Mrs. Lewson quitted her husband's house, to the hour of the following morning, when she was taken dead from the river at a distance of over 20 miles from her house, all trace of her was wholly and entirely lost. She had not been seen on the road, no cab had driven her, no train had conveyed her. How she got into the river just below the weir was a mystery. There was full time between the hour of her leaving the Regent's Park and that when the body was found, for her to have walked the distance, but there was no shadow of known motive for her doing so. Had suicide alone been her object, she could have accomplished her purpose with far less trouble, and far nearer home.

It seemed hard to suspect such a man as Conrad Lewson of complicity in his wife's death, for never did widower shed such genuine tears, nor so overwhelm himself with bitter reproaches.

"I have killed her!" he cried, again and again. "Her death lies at my door. I am her murderer as much as if with my own hands I had plunged a knife into her heart. Oh, God, forgive me! for I have killed the truest, best, and most loving woman that ever solaced man and cheered his home."

The jury returned an open verdict, that deceased was found drowned, but that how she came into the river there was no evidence to show.

I could make nothing of the case, but nevertheless determined not to let it drop for awhile, considering the suspicion attached to it. I made all my preparations to follow Mr. Lewson when he should leave the Village, to track him to whatever distant land he might bend his footsteps, for I had formed a theory on the subject, and I never doubted that immediately after the funeral he would disappear, and, of his own free will, never again be heard of in the district.

Well, I was never more out of my calculations. Instead of trying to get away, the little Village seemed to possess an extraordinary fascination for him, and he took up his abode at the Wheatsheaf, and after the funeral, day by day wandered disconsolately to and fro; now down to the water side, whence he would gaze wistfully with tearful eyes at the little alder-clad island out yonder; then to the mortuary, then to the churchyard, where he would stand by the hour together in silent contemplation of the grave where the unfortunate lady was buried; and whepce on two occasions he was dragged home, stricken with some nervous fit which seemed to paralyse his limbs and senses alike, leaving him helpless and powerless.

The suspicion which a few had felt originally towards him changed to pitying regard as day succeeded day, and the wretched man wandered about the place like a restless spirit, never addressing anyone, though now and again his lips moved, and he was heard to mutter to himself with terrible self-accusing emphasis: "I killed her! Yes, it was I—I did it! Only I! *I* killed my darling!"

The country girls used to drop an awed curtsey to him as he passed in his deep solemn mourning, but he never noticed them. The farmers from time to time bade him a hesitating good day, but if the words reached his ears, they were unheeded; he never returned their salutations.

Many about these parts thought he was out of his mind, and timid mothers took to calling their children indoors when he appeared at the end of the street; but except when he made his solitary pilgrimages to the scenes most intimately connected with his wife's death he was calm and rational, but it made one's heart ache to see his thin, white face, his hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes.

He ordered a costly monument to be erected in the churchyard, and every afternoon bent his steps thither and watched in silence the progress the workmen made. And so time went on, and we grew accustomed to Mr. Lewson, "the poor gentleman," as he was commonly called, and even the villagers ceased to talk about the tragedy, which the general public had long since forgotten.

Early one morning Mr. Lewis was seen hurrying through the village without a hat, and in an evident state of extreme excitement. By his side—though scarcely able to keep up with his rapid strides—walked a lady, covered from head to foot in a long wrapper, a thick veil concealing her face. We followed them with curious eyes and saw them enter the door of the little Police Station at the end of the town.

"See! see!" he cried in half-choked voice, as with trembling hands he tore aside the long wrap and plucked the veil from his companion's face. "See—behold—the dead alive again!"

We stared I can tell you. It was marvelous. There before us stood the woman whom we had buried three weeks before. The same tall, graceful figure, the same glossy brown hair hanging about the snow white bosom and arms; the same evening-dress, torn and crumpled, the white muslin trimmed with bows of cerise and lavender. Oh! it was terrible. I can see it now! There was one difference, and one difference alone. The gray eyes which we had only seen staring grimly upwards fixed and glazed in death were now large and lustrous, looking from one to the other in speechless bewilderment.

"Your name, madam?" asked the Inspector, recovering his self-possession and opening his big ledger.

"I am Valerie Lewson, wife of Conrad Lewson," she replied in a calm voice, which rang musically as a silver bell.

"Then," whispered the Inspector to me, "in the name of heaven whom have we buried?"

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Lewson's account of her wanderings since her sudden departure from her husband's house was confirmed by subsequent inquiry, and left no posibility of doubt that she was indeed the person she claimed to be.

Her anger had been roused by jealousy, and quitting the Regent's Park it had been her firm intention never again to speak to or in any way communitate with her husband. She had relations in France; and, unprepared though she was for the journey, she had crossed the Channel that same night, and taking up her residence at a remote country Village some 40 miles from Paris, whence she had written to a sister residing at Asnieres. Her reason for this was that she imagined her husband's first inquiries would be made of her relatives in Paris, and she wished to keep her place of concealment a secret from him.

Her letter to her sister remained unanswered; but by chance three weeks after she had left her home an old copy of an English paper fell into her hands—an old newspaper left behind by some wandering tourist—and in it she read the account of the inquest held upon herself! The reporter's description of the anguish of her husband convinced her how unjustly she had judged him, and proved to her that his affection had never wavered, and with what speed she could she returned to England, and as convincing proof of her identity elected to make her appearance before him in the identical dress she wore when she fled his house. Such a proceeding was doubtless theatrical, but prior to her marriage Mrs. Lewson had distinguished herself upon the French stage, and, moreover, there was a certain wildness of manner, an impulsiveness, a recklessness, in all she said and did which gave a color of probability to the story she told.

There is little more to relate. The identity of the lady buried in the churchyard (you can see the spire yonder amongst the elms) was never ascertained, and the whole affair remains a mystery to this day. Mr. and Mrs. Lewson stayed for a week or two in the village, and then suddenly left, going no one knew whither. The villagers in their superstitious ignorance, I firmly believe, fancied Valerie Lewson had risen from the dead to console her sorrowing husband. Perhaps it was so!

* * * * * * * *

"And," said I, after listening entranced to this, surely one of the very queerest of queer Thames stories, "and is there no sequel? Is nothing more known! Has this mystery never been cleared up?"

"The only possible explanation," said my strange companion, "is *this*," and as he spoke, he took from his breast a large capacious pocket book, from which he carefully abstracted a newspaper cutting, which showed signs of having been read and re-read, folded and folded again.

The paragraph was as follows:

"Proof of death wanted. Justine Dupont, single, age 23, mysteriously left her home at Asnieres, near Paris, on the 14th of October last, taking with her a large sum in gold, and jewels of considerable value. She has not since been heard of. Description: Tall, slight, elegant figure, light brown hair, gray eyes. May possibly have attempted to join relatives either in England or Canada. Any information will be gratefully received by Hector Eugene Dupont Chamblis, Grand Hotel, Paris."

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "What connection has this with the story you have told me?"

"Simply that Mrs. Lewson's maiden name was Dupont. A slender thread to hang a crime on."

He rose suddenly from his seat as he spoke these words, and, with a slight inclination of the head, walked rapidly away.

* * * * * * *

While I still sat gazing riverwards towards the alder-clothed island, round about which the rapid water from the weir rushed and eddied, gleamed and darted in the sunlight, the proprietor of the inn, to whom I was known, came down the path towards me.

"Landlord," I cried, as he drew near, "do you know that gentleman who was talking to me? Who is he? A detective I imagine by his conversation."

"Lor' no, sir! He's a poor gentleman who lives in a small cottage up the Village. He's a little wrong here, sir," and my host significantly touched his forehead. "The fact is, it's a very sad story, and there ain't many hereabouts as cares to speak of it. His wife, a most beautiful young woman she was too, got drowned in the river just below the weir. They found her floating round in the eddy you can see from here, just below that island where them alders is. No one ever knew the rights of it. It's a strange story altogether," and my landlord shook his head.

"And what is the gentleman's name?" I asked, surprised at this revelation.

"A mighty queer one," my host responded—"Conrad Lewson."

I have never been able to determine whether this statement of my host's solves the problem, or only further adds to the mystery.

A Pet Dog.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A very handsome young lady, whose name is A. W. Rich, from California, and on her wedding tour, has created quite a sensation in Saratoga. She is stopping at the Grand Union, and is to be seen walking up and down the piazza of the hotel for hours at a time in company with a beautiful black and tan dog. She seems to be wonderfully fond of this pet. The little creature was made a wedding present and cost $400. The lady ordered for the dog earrings and a gold collar of special pattern. The earrings are worth $2,000, and the collar, which is studded with emeralds and pearls, is worth $3,000. This lady and her pet are not only the talk of the Town, but have created the greatest sensation known here for years. A servant is provided to feed the dog and attend him when his mistress does not have him in charge. The dog answers the name of "Darling." He must be seen to be fully appreciated.

"GOATS."

The American Counting Room.

STAYVILLE, Oct. 10.

Glamorgan, Checkup & Co.,
Cramptown, P. D.

Spooner can't pay. Suits pending. Involved. Willing give us stock settlement. Shall I accept, or press claim full amount?

G. TWISTER.

This is the wording of a telegram which a young, red-faced messenger brought into our office about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day it was dated, and which he handed to Glamorgan, our senior, at the same time opening a small book and saying:

"Number 27 on that line, sir," pointing to a line in the receipt-book.

Glamorgan receipted for the message and calmly tore off the wrapper containing the 'gram. He then read the message. I should think about three times, and commenced making a phrenological examination of his comprehensive powers as he walked over to my table and laid the paper before me saying:

"Well, here's a message from Twister, but I can't make out what the fellow means."

Now, Twister is the gentlemanly employe who represents our firm to the country merchants, and occasionally looks after collections. He had been sent over to Stayville to see why our customer at that place was so dilatory about his remittances.

I picked up the telegram and commenced reading. "Spooner—can't—pay. —Creditors—urging— settlement. — Suits pending. — Involved——"

"There," said Glamorgan; "what do you suppose he means by 'involved?'"

"Involved! why," said I. "I suppose Spooner has got mixed up in some speculation and is going to bust."

"Well, go on," said Glamorgan, read the rest of it."

"Willing — give— us — stock — settlement.—shall—I— accept — or — press — claim—full—amount?" Then I began to go through the familiar phrenological finger movement, and at last, "Humph! well, don't know, Glamorgan, but I expect Spooner has offered to secure our claim, to some extent anyway, by turning over stock;" and I looked up just in time to catch sight of a peculiar motion of Glamorgan's face, caused by the eyebrows dropping and the upper lip quivering slightly, and he twisted his fire-red mustache.

"I don't know what to say about this," said the senior, and turned half around to speak to speak to the book keeper. "Say, Carr, will you see how much Spooner, of Stayville, owes us?" and we paused for a reply.

"Forty-six hundred seventeen dollars and twenty-nine cents," promptly came back the reply.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Glamorgan, "does he owe so much as that?"

"Oh, yes!" I said; "I supposed it was something near $5,000."

"Jimmy, won't you run up stairs and ask Mr. Clemens to come down here?" said Glamorgan to the office-boy; and then turning to me he remarked, "I'd like to see what George's ideas are about this thing."

Clemens, although represented by the Co. in our firm name, was senior to both Glamorgan and myself when it came to straightening out bad debts and carrying a general balance-sheet in the head. A few words only had been passed before Clemens came down from the second floor, where he had been superintending the section of goods for filling orders.

"Well, Clemens," said Glamorgan, "Spooner, of Stayville, has busted, or is going to, and Twister wants instructions about securing our account. Here's the dispatch."

Clemens read the message and looking edgewise across the table at me, said, half-smiling: "I believe he's your customer, isn't he, Checkup?"

"Yes," said I, "he's credited to me, but I haven't known much about him for more than a year. He was all right then. I think we had better direct Twister to do do the best he can; if he can't get money, to take stock; and if he has to do that it ought to be shipped here immediately."

"Very well," said Glamorgan, "then you had better wire him at once."

I hastily dashed off the following:

CRAMPTOWN, Oct. 10.

To G. Twister, Stayville:

Make best arrangements possible. Accept goods, if that is best can be done, and ship here immediately.

GLAMORGAN, CHECKUP & CO.

"Here, Jimmy," said Clemens, "run over to the telegraph office with this message. Be spry now, and get back here as quickly as possible. And away sped the instructions to our anxious drummer at Stayville.

"Spooner owes us about $4,500, doesn't he?" said Clemens, giving me a quizzical look as he glanced over the telegram for the eleventh time.

"Yes," I said, "forty-six hundred and something, Carr told us a few minutes ago."

"Well, I suppose Twister will get it secured in some way," responded Glamorgan, with a sort of relief that gave Clemens and myself to understand that, perhaps, we were fortunate in being fortunate in being able to get something, even though he did not expect the account would be collected in full.

"I think it would, perhaps have been well," said Clemens, "to have telegraphed Twister for more definite information and for some particulars as to Spooner's debts and resources."

"Well, the message has one now," said Glamorgan, "and in the morning we will probably have from Twister a letter which will explain matter."

I nodded assent to Glamorgan's remark, and we separated as quickly as possible, each seeming to have important business requiring attention just then; though had Twister's message reported a sale through which we were to clear $500 or $1,000, I presume any of us would have felt so strongly disposed to be free from the others' presence.

The morning came, but with it no further news from Stayville. Another mail was due in the afternoon, and that was awaited with impatience, by me at least, and I imagined, from looks and mutterings, that Glamorgan and Clemens were both somewhat anxious. However, no letter came, nor did the wires bring us any further intelligence. Just what were the thoughts of my partners as to the long silence I do not know, but I consoled myself with the idea that our drummer was closing up matters with the Stayville customer, and that all was probably going right, else

were for many years largely obtained from the forests, consisting of venison, bear meat and wild turkey. Wild honey, with which the forests everywhere abounded, formed a considerable item of the table supplies. Milk and butter were in sufficient quantities. As substitutes for coffee and tea, which were dear and difficult to procure, spice and sassafras teas were largely used. Spice tea was made by concocting the twigs of the spicewood, a shrubby bush that grew plentifully on the bottom lands, but now little known. This tea, when trimmed with milk and maple sugar, possessed an aromatic flavor very agreeable to the palate. Sassafras tea was similarly made from the inner bark of the sassafras root. Pea coffee was also extensively used by all classes of people.

Corn bread was universal, and for a long time almost the only bread. There were several forms of it, everyone of which is now unknown. Only a very few of the grandmothers, now verging on 90, possess the secret of making a raised Indian corn pone, that then every mother and every girl could make. The corn pone was to be found in every cabin. They were baked in the Dutch oven. The raised pone was sour and unpalatable when first baked, but after passing through the sweat, had a sweet and pleasant taste.

Then there was the dodger. These were baked in the oven, or skillet, three at a time, and were generally put on the table hot from the oven; but the cold dodger, if seasoned with hog cracklings, was highly palatable. The writer recalls an occasion when he was 15 years old, that having to ride all day without dinner, he stopped at a small cabin by the roadside and procured a cold dodger, and then rode on, eating from it as long as it lasted. Never has he eaten, even at the table of luxury, with equal relish and satisfaction. Next came the hoe cake, which was baked on an inverted oven lid, three at a time, and turned over once during the process. The ash cake was baked between two cabbage leaves, on the hearth, buried under hot ashes and coals. —This was the favorite cake with many. But certainly, above all other forms of corn bread, none equalled the johnny cake in richness and sweetness. These were baked on a smooth board about two feet in length and six or eight inches in width, and called the johnny cake board. Stiff corn dough was flattened on the board with the hands, and then the board was set before the fore-stick of the fire, where the heat could fall upon it, and when the first side was browned the cake was turned on the board so as to present the other side to the fire. The richest johnny cakes were those in which pork cracklings were mixed with the dough. It was the sweetest bread in the world. I would turn from the King's table for a rich warm johnny-cake, and a tin cupful of unskimmed sweet milk.

The first little mills of the West were built on the small streams, and were cheap affairs. They usually had two pair of mill stones, called raccoon burs, the capacity of which, when the water was flush, was from 10 to 15 bushels of corn in 24 hours. One set was designed for corn, the other for buckwheat and wheat. The first bolting-cloths the writer ever saw were turned by hand. The owner of the grist usually turned the bolting reel, by means of a crank, to bolt his own flour, while the miller carried the unbolted flour as it came out of the mill stones, up a ladder and turned it into the hopper on top of the bolting chest.

These primitive mills, the last vestiges of which have long since entirely disappeared, sometimes "went dry," as it was called, in the latter part of Summer and in the Fall, so that more or less of a bread famine was experienced all over the country, until the Fall rains set in in sufficient quantity to raise the streams. From three to six weeks of scarcity was no uncommon occurrence. During these times of scarcity of bread stuff, the substitutes were vegetables, dried pumpkins, dried beans, hominy, and the like. The people divided with each other, in some instances, until the last quart of meal or pound of flour was gone. I have known my parents' cabin to be without bread for three consecutive weeks. In some parts of the country men went 40 to 50 miles to mill, and then had to wait several days for their turn.

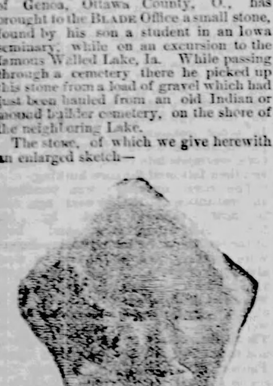
There were two kinds of hominy known to the early settlers, and everywhere used; the ley, or slut's hominy, and the pounded hominy. The first was made by boiling shelled corn in ashes and water until the bran came off, and then the boiling continued until the grains were soft. The second was made by pounding a gallon or so of corn with a pestle made of a stick and an iron wedge, until the grains were comminuted, and the skin detached, first scalding the grain with boiling water. The pounding was done in the hominy block, which was a funnel-shaped cavity burned in one end of a section of a log, which stood upright.

A REMARKABLE FIND.

A Crude Cameo Discovered in Iowa —Probable Work of Some Horned Builder Artist—A Relic Full of the Deepest Interest to the Student of the Prehistoric People of America.

Mr. Wm. Hunselong, a civil engineer, of Genoa, Ottawa County, O., has brought to the BLADE Office a small stone, found by his son a student in an Iowa seminary, while on an excursion to the famous Walled Lake, Ia. While passing through a cemetery there he picked up this stone from a load of gravel which had just been hauled from an old Indian or mound builder cemetery, on the shore of the neighboring Lake.

The stone, of which we give herewith an enlarged sketch—



is an intaglio, precisely like the *bas relief* cutting of cameo, in onyx, or agate, or shells. The material is most remarkable, and, as far as we know, unusual. The base is a natural or unworked nomb, or lozenge of hornstone or chert, symmetrically irregular in shape, the sides of one-half the lozenge being longer than those of the other. By this the shape is something like that of the Masonic coffin gem. The thickness of the base is one-half an inch. The length of the lozenge is about one inch, with an extreme width of half an inch

On this lozenge as a base rests a layer of red hematite, or ore of iron, which seems to have been welded on to the flat surface of the stone by a thin metallic fusion of the ore, so as to make of the two one solid mass, the welding fusion not at all affecting the substance of the layer of hematite.

Out of this layer of hematite has been wrought, cameo fashion, a human head and neck. The workmanship is remarkably artistic, even compared with Asiatic and European antiques in sard, and so on. It is superior to that of the very ancient and the middle age cuttings, engraved by C. W. King, of Oxford, in his works on Antique Gems and the Gnostic Remains. The entire substance of the hematite has been used in the sculptured face, the relief of the same above the face of the hornstone, being something over one-quarter of an inch. So heavy is the relief that in it one has a small sculptured head back to the ears, with depth enough to show naturally the fore front of the neck.

That the gem is Indian there is but little doubt. This is shown especially in the carving of the mouth, which follows in execution the usual form of the Indian mask. In fact the entire face seems to be the reduction of the mask. But as true as this seems to be there are evidences that the lapidary work has been accomplished by means of a fine steel graver; for the lines are cut in with a clearness and precision of depth and curvature, impossible by use of a stone tool, especially taking into consideration the extreme hardness of the material.

After all one of the strangest features of this relic is the solid joining of two flat surfaces, viz.: Hematite and hornstone or hornblende. The junction, as said, exhibits a thin weld of apparently pure iron. Yet how is such a weld possible? It has been done by a heat so intense as to change the color of the stone for some depth below the weld, from a dull yellow into a distinctly darkish green.

This find has already excited much interest among scholars and antiquarians, and in all likelihood it will assist not a little in helping solve the problem as to who were the mond builders. Mr. Humelong contemplates sending the stone to the Smithsonian Institute for examination.

Humor.

THE GAME AT LONG BRANCH.

The waitres were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with the bang of my hair.
And if ever a mortal was thankful,
It was I that that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think—and to whom
But the mirress of Filipatent's millions,
And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I *had* flirted,
But only a little, in fun—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch *him*,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss—
For, of course, 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.
But to think, after all his palaver,
That he ev.r could snub me like this.

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heartstrings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she lug
But that great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash;
He's the greatest nabob of the season—
Yes, of course it *was* dreadfully rash,
But I just thought I'd *show* Mr. Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"
"Oh, thank you"—now, Nell you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-e-s."

So it's all coming off in October:
I am having my trousseau from Worth.
He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,
A man of respectable birth.
But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know—
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

Century Magazine.

Life at the Watering Places.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Dear me," said one Brooklyn young lady to another as they found themselves rummaging over the same box of laces, "dear me! I suppose you were in the country."

"So I am," responded the lovely brunet. "I am just in for a day's shopping; but how is it you are n Town?"

"How funny; I'm just in for shopping, too. You don't imagine ma would stay in Town all Summer. Pa growls awfully, but ma generally gets what she call very much run down about March, and it grows worse till June. Pa says all along he won't go, but ma and I get our dresses made, and finally when the weather gets pretty hot ma has a bad turn, then old Dr. Sliman is called and he looks concerned and advises pa, in a whisper, to send his wife to the seashore, and then, of course—"

"But where are you?" demanded the black-eyed girl.

"Oh! we're at the Branch. Pa wanted a quiet place for ma's nerves, but Dr. Sliman the and ma are great chums, you see?) said, 'No.' Ma needed 'pleasant excitement and moderate gaiety.' So there we are, and it is grand. But where are you?" demanded the blonde.

"In the mountains. It is too lovely."

"Men?"

"Men! well I should remark, crowds of them."

"My!" responded the yellow banged girl, with a sweet smile, "I thought we had them all. Ma says she has never seen so good a year. The men just swarm everywhere, and we girls all enjoy it. Some fun in wearing one's best dresses now."

"Who is your particular escort?"

"Oh! no particular one. You see there are always more girls than men, so of course one don't want to be mean. Did you know that Sir John Dinwiddie was stopping at our hotel?"

"No, no; but isn't that grand! Have you met him?"

"Yes indeed. Every day we pass him on the piazza. The girls are just wild."

"Is he smitten with any one particularly?" demanded the brunet excitedly.

"How should I know?" smiled the blonde archly. "But they all say he looks at me most."

"Does he converse well?"

"Yes, indeed, so Mrs. Smith says, and one day I overheard him tell another gentleman that America had better looking women than his own country, and ma said he must be a smart man."

"How did you get an introduction?"

"Oh, I haven't been introduced, but being in the same house of course we feel as though he were one of us, and then there is an Italian nobleman. He is just simply divine. Such a figure, such a mustache and—oh, my dear, the expression of his eyes is too nice and melancholy for anything. He is a favorite with all the girls."

"Does he flirt much?"

"No; he spends most of the time with the gentlemen. They drag him off when he is dying to be with us. Ma told pa she knew he was unhappy for she had overheard these men talk by the hour to him of boats and horses, and she wanted pa to exert himself to help the poor fellow get rid of them, and pa grinned in that sneaky way that always irritates ma, and walked away. He must have some awful trouble on his mind, for he always looks so pale mornings, and his eyes kind of red, as though he had been crying, and once I heard him mutter, 'Bah, always left. I'll never trust three of a kind again.'"

"How tragic!" murmured the brunett, selecting some pink handkerchiefs. "What could he mean?"

"Why, women," of course; but how sad to be deceived by three of them. Ma tried to interest pa and get the young man in our set, but pa got awfully huffed and ordered us never to speak of that 'dissipated knave' again. But pa never had any reason."

"Who else is there?"

"Well, I don't know all their names. We girls follow the registers pretty closely, but there are so many transients we get confused. I did know the names of nearly a hundred, but somehow they slip."

"Well, you are gayer than we. We have only 20 at our place."

"Oh! you poor dear."

"But two of them are unmarried and so jolly."

"Well, that is nice, I am sure; how many ladies?"

"Not more than 150; of course it is gayer than last year. Then we had only 10, and all married but one, and he got engaged right away. We have a hop every Wednesday night, and sometimes they come in and dance with four or five of us, and the brunett glanced triumphantly at the blonde, who was apparently absorbed in the purchase of hideous black stockings.

"Have you danced with either yet?" and the blue eyes had a shade of envy in their azure depths.

"No, but it will soon be my turn. There are only 40 yet that have not been asked, and it is only August."

"Well, I'm glad you're having so jolly a season; but ma is waiting and I have oceans of shopping," cooed the blonde.

"Good bye, dear," chirped the dark haired beauty, "and I'm glad you are not having a dull time. Come and see me when we all get home, and I'll tell you the rest of my conquests."

Improving a Style.

Detroit Free Press.

"I like to get some law-suits on a gang of young fellows," he replied as the Chief of Police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?"

"Vhell, I vhas shwindled und made some fools of. Vhen I tinks it all oafer I am so madt dot I clean out my own saloon mit a glub."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?"

"Vhell, I should remarks! I like to enter oafer 40 complaints if I haf a shance."

"Make your statement."

"Vhell, I keep a saloon on —— street. You may have seen dot some Aldermans come to my place und vhas treated shust like princes?"

"Go on."

"It vhas Saturday eafnings. I vhas all alone. By and by some loafer comes in, but he vants noddings. Pooty queek I haf six or seven shust like him. Nopody vhants no peer, nor pool, nor dominoes, und I vhas madt!"

"I am following you."

"Vhell, by and by I asks if dot crowd expects me to pay rent with such customers, und one loafer he says: 'Vhell, vy doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me dot der new game vhas for all der gang to take a drink, und den I vhas to call in der dog from der back yard. Whichever loafer dog schmells of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It vhas, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I vhas tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it vhas shust like dey does in New York und Boston, und I goes for der dog."

"And he didn't smell of any of them!"

"No! But why? Because vhile I vhas gone after him all dhose loafers shlip avhay like grease! If dot vhas der New York und Boston vhay I vhas a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the chief.

"Can't I get some lawsuits?"

"No."

"Can't I haf some loafers sent mit der workhouse?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such shwindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them."

"Now I vhas madt like a wet hen!" exclaimed the caller as he rose up. "I tell you sometings, and doan' your forgot all about it! I keep my dog behind der bar! By to morrow some loafer come in und vhants to know if I sells beer by der New York und Boston vhay. I let dot dog loose mit a shmile all oafer me, und vhen he shtaps smelling of dot loafer you may send some boleeceemans to pick up der pieces! If a dog in der back yard vhas New York und Boston style, I improve on it mit some Detroit siyle of a dog pehind der bar!"

Mr. Jones Buys a Book.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

Mr. Jones brought home a book with him the other night and left it lying on the rack in the hall, when he went in to supper, and he didn't make any remarks about it, either. Fact was, he hoped to smuggle it into the library and lose it among the other books without Mrs. Jones noticing it. Pretty soon, however, Mrs. J. began to wrinkle her nose and sniff the air.

"Where have you been Jeptha?" she asked suddenly. "I smell Frangipani."

"You don't smell it about me," said Jones, indifferently, while his heart gave a great thump.

"I certainly do," retorted his wife. "I noticed it as soon as you came in. It's either Frangipani or Jockey Club; but I think it's mixed."

"A good deal mixed," said Jones; "you smell a fine Henry Clay I've been smoking. Come to think of it they perfume those cigars—that's it."

Mrs. Jones said nothing but she kept up a great thinking. Jones was congratulating himself on having escaped so easily, when Willie came in to supper and began:

"Say, pa, what have you got in that paper on the hat-rack? It smells awful good."

"Eat your supper, sir," said Mr. Jones in a Spartan-father tone, "and don't be so curious. Curiosity is what got the whole world into trouble and made us all sinners,"—with a slanting glance at Mrs. J., who was counting the grounds in the bottom of her teacup.

"What is it, Teptha?" she asked innocently, as if it was the last thing she cared to know.

"It's a book," said Mr. Jones, carelessly. "I bought it of a poor fellow who said his family was sick, and she hadn't enough money to get back home. It's quite a valuable work on 'True and False Etiquet, or Grace of Deportment.' You don't need such a work, dear, but you know sometimes I am a little awkward, ha ha."

"Was the agent a young man?" asked Mrs. Jones, pleasantly.

"Y-e-s, that is, I really did not observe. The fellow said he was in distress and I gave her, I mean I bought the book of him just on purpose to encourage her," said her husband.

"Very kind, I'm sure," mumbled Mrs. Jones. "How was the agent dressed?"

"You don't suppose I noticed his clothes. Maria—why dressed as all book agents dress—black silk polonaise, and a hat and feather—I mean hat and ulster —how can I tell?"

"You don't seem to be able to; and she was in distress—and wore a black silk polonaise, and used Frangipani. Lubin's best. I cannot afford to, but then I'm only your wife. Jeptha Jones, you're a wretch! a monster! a heartless, unprincipled man! Let me get my hands on that book! I'll show you grace of deportment! You know we didn't want that book any more than a cat wants two tails! Oh! oh! oh!"

This is why a wild-eyed man with a book under his arm and leaving on the disturbed air a long wake of Frangipani, was seen rushing in the direction of an old bookstore on Woodland avenue, and overheard telling the dealer he had bought the thing in a fit of philanthropy and wanted to get rid of it in a fit of despair. When the bookseller put on his glasses and began to dicker, the unfortunate man told him to keep it, he had no use for it, as he took private lessons in deportment the book wasn't worth a cent to him.

Result of Education.

Brooklyn Eagle.

In the elegant drawing room of a Cincinnati pork merchant's mansion a large company was assembled. All the luxury that wealth could command contributed to the gratification of the guests. Upon a blue satin divan the pork merchant's daughter, gorgeous in silks and pearls and diamonds, was conversing with a friend. Presently her father approached and said:

"Pauline, I want to say a word to you."

The girl arose and accompanied her parent to the seclusion of a bay window.

"Pauline," began the old man, "there's a couple of Cleveland dudes in the dining-room having a hot talk about Copernicus. I was afraid they were going to ask me to decide the dispute, so I made some excuse to get out and come to you. Now tell me, who was Copernicus anyhow?"

"O father," exclaimed Pauline, "how could you be so ignorant? Why, any school boy knows who Copernicus was. He sailed from Palos, Spain, on the 3d of August, 1892, and discovered America the following October."

The venerable purveyor of swine gazed exultingly at his daughter a moment and then said, with a suggestion of sadness in his tone:

"Pauline, my child, if I had your brains, I might have been a United States Senator from Ohio."

Just Over the Border.

Yellowstone Jottings.

"Philip," said the President, as the wagon gave a frightful lurch. "Philip, do those Yellowstone people have any mantlepieces?"

"Why, I suppose so," said the hero; "but why do you puzzle me with a conundrum like that at a time like this?"

"Oh," returned the President, "I was only wondering how, if these people should have no mantlepieces, we are to get anything like our regular meals."

BUCKHANNON, W. Va.—Drs. Newlon & Blair report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction."

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Solon Chase has lost one of "them steers" by death.

Ben Wade once described Judah P. Benjamin as a Jew with Egyptian principles.

Scarcely a day passes that strangers do not place flowers on the grave of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Stanley Brown and the younger of the Garfield boys are fighting it on the Western border.

It is doubtless owing to his being made of clay that we are so easily broke.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Leonard Huxley, the eldest son of Prof. Huxley, has taken the highest honor in classical studies at Oxford.

The husband of Barnum's mammoth woman, and who is supported by his wife's earnings, says "he lives on the fat of the land."

Dr. Burg, of Paris, believes that sheets of copper over the stomach and abdomen are a safeguard against cholera, and he wears a copper-lined flannel waistcoat.

French laborers in Paris have had several meetings recently for the purpose of adopting measures in opposition to the cheap labor of Prussians and Italians.

Henry Clay Thurston, of Mt. Pleasant, Tex., is the tallest man in America. He is seven feet, seven and one-half inches high, 53 years old, and weighs 280 pounds.

To insure success against the rifle team that Sir Henry Halford will bring over to this country next year, a few good shots should be selected from the Ohio militia.

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend, who had lost everything in speculation and made him pay for the message.—*The Drummer.*

Dakota has a peculiar climate. A cannon burst at a celebration in Fergus Falls, and the four pieces into which it flew went in four directions. Each piece crashed into a saloon.—*Washington Republican.*

A Leavenworth man who had been caught in the seductive meshes of opium, hired a man to take him to little sandy island, where he proposes to either conquer the habit or lay his bones out to bleach.

A gold idol weighing 22½ pounds was recently excavated in Calistlahuaca State, Mexico, by some Indians. The idol was composed of a group of figures, but it was broken up by the Indians and divided among them.

There is a man living in Kentucky known as the "tobacco worm," who chews habitually, but somewhat different from the common mode. He swallows the juice, and when the quid is sufficiently masticated he swallows that also.

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply.—*Beach and Bar.*

"Good morning, Mr. Smith; how are you?" "Nod ad all well, thag you. I've fearful code id by head. It's a strange thing about colds, isn't it?" "How do you beard?" "Why, they always settle in the weakest place."—*Merchant Traveller.*

It is said that more good swimmers are to be seen among the women and girls at seaside resorts this year than in previous seasons. It is easier than it used to be for ladies to learn to swim, and they cannot have a more useful accomplishment.

"Why does an Englishman drop the h's off some of his words?" asked Sparks of a neighbor the other day. "So that he may tack 'em on to other words," was the reply; "that is to say, if he puts an h on his eggs he must take it off his ham."—*Louisville Journal.*

A North Carolinian has asked permission from the Postoffice Department to send four-pound cans of whisky by mail. He says they will be easy to handle, that there will be no breakage, and that it will break up a lot of blockading through the country, and throw freight money into the postal office."

In a horse car the other day, as the conductor approached a young passenger, the little fellow was seen to turn first pale and then red, and when the officer held out his hand for the fare the young sufferer gasped out: "Will you please charge the money to my father. Mr. A. L——; I've swallowed my money?"—*Boston Courier.*

Two land yachts, a double carriage, and a marquee tent once belonging to the Prince of Wales for stabling horses, one of the yachts fitted up as a sleeping and dining cabin, and the other as kitchen and larder, with banks for servants, make the equipment of Peter Cartland and Roland and Jephthah Davis, who are now journeying through New England.

"Are you to take astronomy next term, Elise?" inquired a classmate of her young friend. "Hardly. But Augustus is giving mesplendid astronomical lessons during the vacation." "Isn't that nice, dear. He says I'm all the world to him, and when I lay my head on his shoulder he is my Atlas."—*Hartford Post.*

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of Chicago, says that the profits of the Moody and Sankey hymn books have been in the neighborhood of $400,000, and that neither evangelist has derived any personal advantage from the publication. The profit funds have been collected from the publishers by a committee, and they have applied the money to charitable and evangelical purposes.

"Now John," said the father of the City family to the father of the country family, "we have been spending all Summer with you, and as some sort of recompense, we are going to have some amateur theatricals and give you a farewell benefit." "No, thankee, Charles," was the reply. "Don't wait to do that. The farewell will be benefit enough to me."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Philadelphia philanthropist, determined to emulate Vanderbilt's example, gave $500 to a waiter at a Summer resort hotel, and the waiter merely said "thank you," and made a little extra haste to execute the philanthropist's dinner order. It turned out that the young man was not a poor college student, but a professional waiter, to whom a $500 fee was no curiosity. An editorial excursion had passed through there only a few days before.—*Philadelphia News.*

A bully in one of the precincts of Owsley County, Ky., took the polls on election day with his double-barreled shot-gun, and announced that he could whip his weight in wildcats, or clean out any 10 men in the County. The words had scarcely left his mouth when the crack of a gun was heard heard from the bushes, and the bully lay dead upon the ground. The citizens standing around pronounced it a righteous act, and no investigation of the affair was made.

It is a fact that an English market gardener has recently raised peas from some dried ones found in the grip of a mummy. When Michael Davitt was in Portland prison, too, one of the visitors became interested in the little garden, which the founder of the Land League was allowed to amuse himself by cultivation, and sent him some flower seeds which had come in like manner from the tomb of an Egyptian. Davitt planted the seeds and reared specimens of the flora of old Egypt.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of cremation is, that cemeteries are perennial sources of contagion. This theory has received additional confirmation in the discovery recently made by Dr. Freire, of Rio Janeiro. In examining the earth where the victims of yellow fever had been interred the year before, he found "myriads of microbii, exactly identical with those found in the vomitings of persons sick with yellow fever." These germs he has cultivated, and has reproduced the disease in animals, whose blood after death he found to be filled with the seeds of yellow fever in various stages of growth.

A copper tablet to be placed in the corner stone of the Garfield monument in San Francisco bears an inscription reading in part: "To the memory of James Abram Garfield, who faithfully served his country on the battle-field, in Congress and as President of the United States of America. Born November 19, A. D. 1831. Died September 10, A. D. 1881, from wounds received at the hands of an assassin. May his illustrious career serve as an example, and his memory remain sacred in the hearts of his countrymen." Erected by the voluntary contributions of the people on the Pacific Coast of the United States of America. God and our country."

Marwood, the official hangman of England, always receives his victim with a cordial grasp of the hand and, smilingly says: "I am very glad to see you. It seems to be a cold day, but I have hopes that we shall have pleasant weather to-morrow. By the way, it is understood that Favorite will win the Derby. Allow me to place this around your throat. You appear to be shivering. That is a pimple under the left ear. I think you should have it attended to. It might turn out to be a cancer. You will excuse me now, I am sure. I have a little matter outside to attend to, and will return to you presently. In other words, I will see you later." And then the trap is sprung.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

FOR THE LADIES.

In France, women live an average of 13 years longer than men.

A lady at Saratoga has become blind from using something to make her eyes brilliant.

Girls in bad health are not admitted to Wellesley College. All applicants are submitted to a medical examination, to exclude weaklings.

Miss Chamberlain, "the Prince of Wales' American beauty," has had a dress style named after her by one of the Paris manmilliner. It is white and silver.

The plump maiden with the perforated sleeve is doing all she can to foster the pampered tastes of the gormandizing musquito.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A Texas woman only 99 years old has been married seven times, and yet she isn't half so good-looking as lots of girls who can't even catch a beau.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A lady at one of the Long Branch hotels has already exhibited 40 different costumes and has two maids employed making gowns for her, which she puts on as fast as completed.

A Vassar College girl has written a novel called "A Foolish Virgin." We haven't read the book, but suspect the "virgin" married a dude. She couldn't do anything more foolish.—*Norr. Herald.*

Mme. Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman ever thus distinguished.

The price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs, and some of them are considered dear at that. When the wife is dressed up the difference in the articles of barter is, to all appearances, very slight.

A reform in dancing is announced for fashionable English circles this year. The polka, the schottische and the valse are to give place to the German lancier and polonaise as danced at the German Court.

A St. Louis paper prints coupon tickets to be cut out by readers and returned to the office, filled with the names of the most beautiful women in the City. The belles of St. Louis are holding their breath until the result is declared.

A young lady up in Spruce street refused to allow her sister to borrow the former's beau as an escort to a party, saying, "It is not good that the man should be a loan." She has been a member of a Bible class for nothing.

"Yes, my son, advise all your friends not to marry money. When you have succeeded in getting them all married for love, you can then look about you at your leisure and decide upon what particular girl with money you can lavish your love."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Yes," said young Symonds. "I think Lou wore that red dress out into the field on purpose to have that cow give her an excuse for climbing the tree and staying there till we fellows went to the rescue. At any rate she had a mighty elegant set of hose on.—*Boston Post.*

Upon the occasion of a yachting party recently at Brighton, England, Miss Chamberlain, the graceful and pretty American, wore a costume composed of wide panels of dark green, huntsman's green, edged with several rows of red braid, falling over a skirt of red serge, and a green sailor blouse with a marine collar in red.

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young woman to play on the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss White, the sister of a Kentucky member of Congress, who has been employed in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, has resigned her position to go abroad and pursue her architectual studies. Not being a professional politician, she has no fears about being unable to get back her position when she wants it.

Miss Ditchen, a young American lady, made a great sensation at a London reception recently. She has a facile talent for imitating the sound of birds, and has spent hours in the forests listening to their notes. A Philadelphia Professor developed her faculty. She was brought out at the Sassoon concert, at Belgrave Mansion, by Madame Liebhardt.

Lucy H. Hooper wants Charlotte Bronte's American admirers to raise $200 to put a handsome memorial tablet in the Church where she is buried. This would not only be a tribute to her genius, but would be a quiet rebuke of English indifference, and especially of the ingratitude of her widower who kept the $30,000 Charlotte Bronte had earned, and married another woman.

Diamonds are a source of mixed joy and anxiety to the women at the watering places. The fear of robbery is never absent from the owners of the jewels, and the hiding place sometimes proves bad—as when a wife at Saratoga saved her treasures from thieves by putting them into an umbrella, and lost them through a sudden shower, in which her unadvised husband used the shelter.

When a vulgar man becomes rich, and his family governs society, a great fuss is made if his daughter matries her father's coachman, although society said nothing when the girl's mother married the girl's father, because the father was a bar-keeper then, and had not struck his bonanza. Society is very unreasonable, and is always turning up its nose in the wrong place.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Dancing is very popular in Italy, but it is conducted differently from what it is in this country. The first thing the men and women do is to take their shoes and stockings off, if they happen to have any on. A man does not go up to a girl and ask if she will dance, but he fixes his eye upon her from a distance and nods. She nods in return, and then both kick off their shoes and advance toward each other and begin to dance.

A peddler tried to coax a Michigan farmer's wife into buying some of his wares by patting her under the chin and saying she was a nice little woman. Her husband soon returned, and she told him. With a friend he overtook the pedler, whipped him, threw his pack over a fence, took him back to the house, whipped him again, then tried him before a mock court and fined him $3, which he paid. His retaliation is a suit for damages.

Miss North, the English artist, who is studying the flora of Africa, writes with enthusiasm of her discoveries, every fresh place showing her fresh flowers. In one place she had a sight of one of the largest aloe trees in the world, or rather, three standing together, 40 feet high, with hundreds of heads on the ends of their branches, each of which, when in bloom, has a bunch of "red-hot poker" flowers coming out of it, forming a mass of flowers which, it is said, could be seen 30 miles off.

"The following details," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "with regard to the hair-dressing of Japanese ladies may be of interest in these days, and may help to elucidate much of the mystery which always surrounds the meaning of a Japanese picture. In Japan a girl at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf bound around the back of her head; the forehead is left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of a marriageable age she combs her hair forward, and makes it up into the shape of a fan or butterfly, and at the same time decorates it with silver cord and balls of varied colors. This means everything, and is fully understood by the young men of Japan. A widow who wishes for a second husband puts a tortoise-shell pin horizontally at the back of her head and twists her hair around it, while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short and goes in for no adornment of any sort. These last are very rare. By these simple means much confusion is avoided. A glance around the ball-room suffices to tell the age and status of every lady in the place, and a great deal might be said for the introduction of such a custom into this country."

Live Beetles on Women's Necks.

New York Journal.

A novelty which is at present attracting attention is a brooch made of gold and a live beetle, and one worn by a lady of New York, well known in society, is said to have cost $150. The beetle, which is a native of South America, is of a brownish hue on the back, while on the under side it is white. This beetle has crawled into favor with the ladies, who not only pay gold for his possession, but circle his body with a zone of gold and chain him with a golden cable to their white necks, where he is allowed to describe a circle for his natural lifetime, which is about six months, during which he lives on air.

Fortunate Chance of a Lieut. Chance, U. S. A.

Lieut. Chance, of the 17th Regiment Infantry, U. S. Army, at the close of the late war, having served entirely through it, was commissioned in the regular service. Eleven years ago he was stationed at Bismarck, and here he has been ever since. Under his superintendence Camp Hancock was built, and the present Fort Lincoln. He shook hands with the gallant Custer, when he left to march to death, and one of the first fears to fall over his sad fate fell from Lieut. Chance. At present he has Lincoln, and no officer of the fort is held in better esteem than he. He drew $5,000 in the July drawing of Frank Leslie's State Lottery, at a cost of $2. Every Bismarcker knows him, and the Tribune heard but one expression "Good! it couldn't have fallen to a better man." He says he will invest it in Dakota dirt, and will remain in the service. Through the Bismarck Bat. bank he drew on New Orleans for his $5,000. Lieut. Chance held two-fifths of ticket No. 2,586. The ticket drew the capital prize of $50,000.—Bismarck (Dakota) Tribune, July 21.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MADAME DE STAEL, an Historical Novel. By Amely Bolte. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, 20 cents.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, 20 cents.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have also ventured into the field of cheap literature occupied by the "Seaside," "Franklin Square," and other "Libraries." They style their venture the "Hudson Library," and the two novels mentioned above are their first publication. They are printed on fine heavy paper, in large type, and are altogether much more attractive than the usual run of these cheap publications. The stories themselves are standard works, and of the highest grade of excellence.

THEATER CONTEMPORAINE.

The fifth number of W. R. Jenkyn's (850 Sixth avenue, New York) charming plays for the use of students and readers of French, is out. It contains two bright little comedies, "Le Pluie et le Beau Temps," by Leon Gozlan, and "Autour d'un Berceau," by Ernest Legouve. Price 25 cents.

MODERN AGE.

A number of famous names combine to make the *Modern Age* for September a noteworthy number. The fiction comprises "Hard Luck," by Gaston Bergeret; "What Happened to Holy St. Pancras of Evolo," by A. Schmeegans, and the concluding chapters of "The Californians." James Anthony Froude's name is attached to a timely article on "Luther," and the number contains two poems, one by Austin Dobson, the other by Algernon Charles Swinburne. "To New York with the Mails" and "Theatrical Traitors," are light and agreeable reading. The editorial departments are as usual—good.

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The *Magazine of Art* for September is rich and attractive in its illustrations. The frontispiece is entitled, "At the Golden Gate," and is drawn from the picture by Val Prinsep, A. R. A. Wilfred Magnell contributes a sketch of this English painter and dramatist, with three illustrations. The opening paper is on that fine architectural structure, "Dorchester House," London, and is illustrated with six engravings. One of the most striking full page pictures of this number is "News from the War," from a painting from Carl Hoff. "The Ferry on the Fiord" is a faithful representation of Scottish scenery. Cosmo Monkhouse contributes a pretty pathetic poem on "A Bristol Figure." In "Current Art" a number of the works of contemporary artists are criticised. The magazine is published by Cassell & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Lippincott's Magazine for September has an attractive table of contents, including several articles of special interest. An Italian watering place, "Viareggio," is the subject of an illustrated paper, in which many features of seaside life that will be novel to American readers are amusingly depicted. Under the title of "An Episode of John Brown," Rear Col. A. K. McClure gives an account of the singular adventures of Capt. Cook, whose counsel he was, and brings to light many interesting particulars in connection with the ill-starred expedition, and the state of public feeling in the border country. "In Suspense" is an anonymous production, but apparently from the pen of an English writer well acquainted with Carlyle, Bishop Wilberforce, and Beaconsfield, who are introduced as parties in a colloquy which takes place in a sort of purgatory, as indicated by the title and quotation from Dante. "Five Graves in Montana," by S. B. Griffin, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, traces the history of a notorious gang of "road agents," and the bold and stringent measures by which life and property were made secure in the Territory before it had been legally organized. "Our Summer Court in Schobarie," by P. Deming, is a very pleasant rural sketch, marked by a vein of quiet humor; and "The Metropolis of the Farm," by Edward C. Bruce, calls up all the associations connected with barns, treating the subject from an economical as well as picturesque point of view.

"The Jewel in the Lotos," which is illustrated with a beautiful frontispiece, maintains its interest; and the short stories, "Delia Grimwet," by Arlo Bates; "The Worst Man in the Troop," by Capt. Charles King, and "The Discipline of Paper Dolls," by Annie Elliot, are varied and entertaining. There are, as usual, several good things in the "Monthly Gossip." *Lippincott's* is always emphatically readable.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The *Overland Monthly* for September has 109 pages of excellent reading matter, set forth under the following headings: "The Past and Present of Political Economy;" "The Freedom of Teaching;" "Across the Plains;" "Pericles and Kalomara;" "Mistaken;" "Pioneer Sketches;" "Visit to the Migration Problem;" "The Wood Chopper to His Ax;" "The Old Port of Trinidad;" "Science and Life;" "Bernardo the Blessed;" "King Cophetua's Wife;" "Gone;" "The Switzerland of the Northwest;" "Annetta;" "Family Names and their Mutations;" "Current Comment;" "Book Reviews," "Outcroppings." The *Overland

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are safe in the belief that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always using separate sheets. Questions for the latter department should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondence to Department."

W. H. S., Elm, Mo.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for catalog.

J. J. M., Centralia, Kan.: Address F. E. Abbott, Boston, Mass.

F. J. F., Hopkins' Mills, Pa.: We cannot give the information asked for.

C. F., East Carmel, O.: The books may be obtained from Lee & Shepard, Boston, but we do not know the price.

A. B., Rockford, Mich.: Send to G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, for "Handbook of Oil Painting," price $2.

R. S. D., Scotch Ridge, O.:
What Presidents of the United States were Roman Catholics?
Not one.

G. M. B., Coloma, Mo.:
Please inform me what wages are in Ohio by the day and month.
Day laborers, from 75 cents to $1.50 per day.
Mechanics, from $1.50 to $3.

N. C. G., New Vernon, Pa.:
Please let me know where and who to send to for information concerning the Homestead laws of Nebraska.
Register Land Office, Lincoln, Neb.

E. M. B., Deansville, Vt.:
How many States are going to elect new Governors this year, and what States are they?
Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota, New Jersey, Ohio, South Carolina, and Vermont.

T. M., Park City, Utah:
Which of the two rivers, the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi, discharges the most water into the ocean annually?
The St. Lawrence.

W. H. B., Greenville, Pa.:
Are there any schools in the United States where one can learn steam engineering, and where are they located?
Address President Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I. R., Altona, Ill.:
1. What are the proper names for that which holds the mail bag at a station, and for that which grasps it from a passing train? 2. What is Gen. Grant's present age?
1. Mail-catchers. 2. Sixty-one years and four months.

W., Mancos, Col.:
Please give the names of two or three of the leading weekly newspapers of Oregon.
Oregonian, Portland; Oregonian Farmer, Portland; East Oregonian, Pendleton; Mountaineer, The Dalles.

A. T. S., Howenstine, O.:
1. Do shows or musical entertainments pay a license? 2. Where can I get a list of all shows and troops traveling in the United States? 3. Where does Jefferson Davis live, and how old is he?
1. Yes. 2. American News Agency, New York. 3. In Mississippi; he is about 75 years old.

C. H. V., St. Marys, O.:
1. Please give me a receipt for preventing the hair falling out.
Mix one-half ounce of vinegar of cantharides with one ounce eau de Cologne and one ounce rose water. Or, one-half ounce tincture of cantharides, two ounces eau de Cologne, one-half drachm oil of nutmeg, and 10 drops oil of lavendar.

A. L. N., Ingraham, Ill.:
Please give the names of the Cabinet officers of all the Presidents. I have not the books necessary to find them.
They have all been given at different times. Send for the American Almanac for 1883; price 25 cents and $1.50; the latter is a library edition, with 100 additional pages.

H. W., Rochester, Iowa:
Please tell when stoves were first invented, and by whom.
The ancients used stoves which concealed the fire. They lighted the fire also in a large tube in the middle of the room, the roof being open. It is said that chimneys were first introduced in 1200, although some affirm that they were in use among the ancients.

M. V. B., Lake View, Mich.:
1. Is there any Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers? 2. If so, who is the President of the Association?
1. Yes. 2. Do not know, but think a letter addressed to President of the Association, Cleveland, O., will reach him.

R. O. V., Voorhies, Ill.:
In your answer as to whether Washington was a member of any church denomination, you say he belonged to the Christian Church. Please say what church you mean.
Chambers' Encyclopedia says "he was an exemplary member of the Episcopal Church." We had always supposed that this was classed as a Christian Church, but numerous correspondents seem to object to the classification.

MAX, Bradford, Pa.:
1. Were the James Redpath letters on Ireland ever printed in pamphlet form? 2. Please give a short biographical sketch of Geo. W. M. Reynolds. 3. In what estimation are his writings generally held?
1. We think not. 2. We have no material at hand. 3. Some of his works are quite popular in England. He has said that not one in ten of the transatlantic publications to which his name has been affixed ever emanated from his pen.

C. H. R., Pentwater, Mich.:
Through whom can a person get copies of agricultural, educational and State reports, published by State or National Departments?
Apply to the heads of the different departments. R. G. Baird is Secretary of the Board of Agriculture for Michigan, V. B. Cochran Superintendent of Public Instruction, and H. A. Conant Secretary of State. George R. Loring is Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

D. J., Piqua, O.:
1. Will you please inform me which is the safer place to deposit money, a National bank or a private bank? 2. Are National banks responsible for the full amount of all deposits they may accept?
1. There is no choice, where the officials are honest. 2. Every shareholder is personally liable for the debts of the bank, to the amount of the par value of his stock. The Government does not undertake to secure depositors in a National bank.

G. S., Leipsic, O.:
1. What do you understand by the Associated Press? 2. Is any one controlled? 2. What studies ought one to pursue in order to become a good journalist? 3. Did Thomas Paine recant on his death-bed? 4. Is a State Senator and a State Representative in session?
1. An association of publishers to obtain the news by telegraph from all quarters of the globe. Officers are elected each year. 2. The most important is a thorough knowledge of the history of the country. 3. No. 4. No.

D. S., Laurens, Ia.:
Will you please give a short outline of Territorial government, that will bring out the points of distinction between that and State government?
The Governor and other executive officers and Judges of the Supreme Court are appointed by the President. The people elect members of the Legislature, but the acts passed by the Legislature are subject to revision by Congress. The people also elect a delegate to Congress, who is entitled to speak, but has no vote. In other respects Territorial government does not differ materially from State government.

W. A. J., Pierce, Neb.:
1. Please give the surest cure for lampas. 2. Where does H. Clay Trumbull live?
1. Lance the inflamed parts, and wash with a solution of the tincture of myrrh, two ounces to a pint of water, or a solution of alum in water. This should be repeated twice a day for three or four days, during which time give bran mashes or flax seed gruel, and, if procurable, a small quantity of new grass. No hay, corn, or oats should be given for a week; at the expiration of which period the teeth will be in a condition to masticate such food. 2. Philadelphia.

J. M., Neosho, Wis.:
Can a soldier who was in the war three years get a deed of land under the homestead act, from the Government, without going on to it? Please publish the law on the subject.
No; he must live on the land one year, no matter how long he served in the army. We have published the law repeatedly.

A. C., Zenas, Ind.:
1. Who was the first white child born in America? 2. Who is the wealthiest man in the United States?
1. A son born to the wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, about 1007, was the first child of European parentage born on the American continent. The family returned to Greenland. 2. Vanderbilt.

D. J., Hyde Pa.:
1. Was Abraham Lincoln a member of any religious denomination? If so, what? 2. Also, Thomas Paine?
1. He attended the Presbyterian Church. 2. Paine preached occasionally as a dissenting minister in England before he came to the United States. His "Age of Reason" is a deistical work, declaring a belief in God and a future life. His father was a Quaker, and the son, just before his death, requested to be buried in a Quaker burial ground; but the Quakers would not permit it.

W. C. B., Perry, Iowa:
1. Can you recommend a good practical work on first principles of farming? 2. What is ensilage and silo?
1. Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for catalogue. 2. A silo is a cistern or vat, air and water tight on the bottom and sides, with an open top, constructed of masonry or concrete, used to store in their green state corn, sorgho, rye, oats, grass, etc. The silo may be above ground, or partly or entirely below the surface of the ground. The fodder preserved in silos is ensilage. "The Book of Ensilage" (John M. Bailey, Billerica, Mass.,) will tell you all about the "new dispensation."

Jessie, New Albin, N. Y.:
When was the Moabite stone discovered?
In 1868. The only European who saw the Moabite stone in a complete state was the Rev. Mr. Klein, of the Jerusalem Mission Society. The negotiations set on foot to obtain possession of it resulted in quarrels among the Arab tribes; they lighted a fire on it, and when it was hot threw water upon it, which broke it into three large and several small fragments. An imperfect paper impression of the text was procured before the stone was broken. It is believed that the inscription dates from about 920 B. C. The fragments of the stone were purchased by the French Government and transferred to Paris.

Z. D., Independence, Kan.:
Please give an account of the life of Arthur Henry Hallam, whose death was the inspiration of Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam." Did he produce any literary work of merit before his death?
He was born in London, in 1811. His father, an English historian, was Dean of Bristol. The son studied at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1832. In August, 1833, he accompanied his father to the Continent, where he contracted a fatal illness, and died in Vienna, September 15. He left a number of poems and essays, which were collected by his father and printed with a memoir for private circulation. His "Remains in Verse and Prose" was published in 1862. He was betrothed to a sister of Tennyson.

R. N. W., Island Mills, Tenn.:
What is the full signification of the word Islam?
It is an Arabic word, and signifies full submission to God. It is used by Mohammedans to designate their religion, and also the whole body of believers, or those who accept the formula of faith: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." This formula or profession of faith is understood to include five essential articles of religion: First, the acknowledgment of the divine unity and of the mission of Mohammed; second, observance of prayer; third, almsgiving; fourth, keeping the fast of Ramadan; fifth, the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Shiahs, or adherents of Ali, who are dominant in Persia, add to the declaration of faith, "Ali is the Vicar of God." But the Sunnis, or orthodox Mohammedans, who form the majority of the Church of Islam, reject this.

W. D. J., Leach, Tenn.:
Please give History, Articles of Faith, and Church Government of the Second Adventists?
Second Adventists (sometimes called Millerites) hold, in opposition to the general opinion, that the second coming of Christ will precede the millennium, and is necessary to introduce it. On the nature of the millenium, its antecedents, consequences, and the signs of its approach, they differ widely among themselves; but they all agree that it will be ushered in by the second advent of the Son of God, and be distinguished as the period of His personal reign on the earth. Some go so far as to fix the time; but others content themselves with saying that it is at the door. The only point of real difference between the Second Adventists and their opponents is this: Will the future personal advent of Christ precede or follow the promised millennium?

C. P., Beloit, Kan.:
1. Please tell me whether Neptune has a ring similar to that encircling the planet Saturn. 2. How does Neptune appear through a telescope?
1. When first seen by Mr. Lassell, he suspected a ring, or some such appendage; but future observations under more favorable circumstances showed this suspicion to be without foundation. 2. In the largest telescopes and through the finest atmosphere, it presents the appearance of a perfectly round disk about 3" in diameter, of a pale blue color. Neptune travels at a mean distance of about 2,745,998,000 miles from the sun. His diameter is estimated at about 37,000 miles, though very little reliance can be placed on any telescopic measures of so distant an orb. At least one satellite attends on Neptune, discovered in 1847. It travels around the planet in a period of 5 days 21 hours 8 minutes, at a distance from his center equal to 12 times his estimated radius, the maximum observed elongation of the satellite from Neptune's center amounting to 18".

D. S. J., Gamburg, Mo.:
I would like to know something about the great railroads of the country—length of lines, capital stock, etc.
We find the following in the New York Journal of Commerce: "The Union Pacific is the largest, 4,209 miles, capital $65,322,155; the Pennsylvania operates 1,173 miles, capital $85,463,300; New York Central, 963 miles, $89,428,200 capital; Wabash, 3,348 miles, $49,954,700 capital; Missouri Pacific controls 5,525 miles, capital $80,000,000; Louisville & Nashville, 2,028 miles, capital $47,000,000; Lake Shore, 1,277 capital $50,000,000; Illinois Central, 1,892 miles, capital $20,000,000; Chicago & Northwestern, 2,278 miles, capital, $37,386,479; Chicago & Rock Island, 1,381 miles, capital $41,960,000, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, 4,833 miles, capital $34,805,744; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 3,136 miles, capital $60,814,191; Central Pacific, 2,955 miles, capital $60,275,500; Baltimore & Ohio, 1,553 miles, capital $19,792,856; Northern Pacific, 2,091 miles, capital $90,409,132; Erie, 1,020 miles, capital, $85,075,100."

F. S. C., Madisonville, Ky.:
Please give the exact words of the law permitting tobacco-raisers to sell $100 worth without payment of tax.
"Farmers and producers of tobacco may sell at the place of production tobacco of their own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers, to an amount not exceeding $100 annually." The following may also prove of interest: "That hereafter the special tax of a dealer in manufactured tobacco shall not be required from any farmer, planter or lumberman who furnishes such tobacco only as rations or supplies to his laborers or employes in the same manner as other supplies are furnished by him to them; provided, that the aggregate of the supplies of tobacco so by him furnished shall not exceed in quantity 100 pounds in any one special tax year; that is, from May 1 in any one year until May 30 in the next year; and provided further, that such farmer, planter or lumberman shall not be, at the time he is furnishing such supplies, engaged in the general business of selling dry goods, groceries, or other similar supplies in the manner of a merchant or storekeeper to others than his own employes or laborers."

A. B. C., Gilman, Iowa:
Will you please explain the process of (1) manufacturing bi-carbonate of soda, (2) cream tartar and (3) tartaric acid?
1. There are different processes. Cooley recommends the following: Mix together one part carbonate soda, both in powder, and surround them with an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, under pressure. Let the action go on till no more gas is absorbed, which will generally occupy 10 to 14 hours, according to the pressure employed, then remove the salt and dry it at a heat not above 130° Fahrenheit. 2. Bitartrate of potassa (known as cream of tartar) is found deposited as crust on the sides of the casks and vats used for the fermentation of grape juice. The deposit from white wine is white tartar; that from red wine red tartar, or argol. It is purified by boiling it in water, and crystalizing; it is then again dissolved in boiling water and decolorized with charcoal and aluminous clay; the resulting clear liquid is allowed to cool slowly, forming crystals of the cream of tartar of commerce. 3. Tartaric acid, on a small scale, is prepared as follows: Dissolve four pounds cream of tartar in two gallons boiling water; add gradually 12 ounces and seven drachms chalk; and, when the effervescence ceases, filter.

SCOTCH FISHWIVES.

A Race of Picturesque, Industrious and Thrifty Women.

September Atlantic.

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles, white blouses and gay kerchiefs; long-sleeved cloaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the married women with white caps, standing up straight and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, shaped above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather strap passing round their foreheads, they pull along at a steady, strong gait, up hill and down, carrying weight that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immoral habit of excising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Dutch and where these curious Newhaven fishfolks are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The women keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them,—a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, but stopped three fishwives one day, and without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young women laughed saucily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all the money.

"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfish; "a' spent i' the hoos. The men, they come home an' tak their sleep, an' then they be aff agen."

"It 'ud never do for the husband to stoop in tha City and be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with more emphasis.

Whoever would see the Newhaven wives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by 7 o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each by itself; skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick; hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, lythe, catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, joke, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The whole place crowded with women,—an army in fact, 200, 300, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had a disaffection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her. A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could not have done it less. Such fire, such honesty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all sides.

A DUDE CUFFED.

Social Right of Women Holding Babies to Be Seated in Cars.

New York Herald, Aug. 20.

A disturbance occurred yesterday afternoon on one of the trains from Rockaway Beach to the city over the Long Island and Rockaway Railroad. The train was crowded, and all the seats were occupied. In one of the cars stood two females, one of whom, who was rather elegant in appearance, carried a child in her arms. Near to them stood an elderly man, tall, erect of carriage, and with white hair and beard. He was evidently concerned over the fact that a woman who seemed in delicate health, should be compelled to stand with a heavy child in her arms while many men occupied seats around her. As a jolt of the car precipitated the ladies violently forward and almost caused the one with the child to lose her balance, the old gentleman could evidently stand it no longer. He advanced to a seat close to the ladies, which were comfortably ensconced by two young dudes.

"Gentlemen," he said, with every outward show of courtesy, but with a slight inflection of contempt in his voice, "I must permit me to call your attention to the fact that there are two ladies standing here who have been unable to find seats. One of these ladies is embarrassed with a child."

The young men, who were of the "nobby" dressed, self-sufficient type of city youth, stared insolently at the speaker.

"We've paid our fare," answered one of the young men in a saffron necktie, "and we're entitled to seats."

"If you make that a point," said the old gentleman, "sooner than see these ladies stand I will refund you your fares in turn for the two seats."

"We don't want your money," retorted the young man who had spoken before, insolently. "We just want to stay where we are."

The old man flushed angrily. "I come from the South," he said, "and if there is a man were to act as you do under the circumstances we should look upon him as a cur and pitch him out of the window."

"Do you call me a cur?" screamed the young fellow, springing to his feet.

"Do you refuse to relinquish your seat?"

"Yes; and do you call me a cur?"

"I consider you to be far lower than a cur."

As the old gentleman uttered these words the young fellow made a threatening motion, but the old man was too quick for him. He drew back his right hand and administered a stinging slap on the cheek. Instantly he executed a simultaneous movement with his left hand. The smacks rang out loud and clear above the rumbling noise of the train. The young man was staggered, and his companion sprang up to assist him. Other passengers, however, whose attention had been attracted by the quarrel, sprang to the old gentleman's side and prevented any further violence. The ladies, to whose attention had been attracted by the gentleman's interference in their behalf, had, unnoticed by him, been provided with seats by fellow passengers a few seconds before the quarrel culminated in the warming of the whippersnapper's ears.

A THRILLING SNAKE STORY.

The Battle of the Water Dog and the Moccasin—A Contest to the Death.

Louisville Commercial.

"The water moccasin is dead," said Lucien Alexander, the well-known druggist and snake-fancier. "It died yesterday, and I wouldn't have taken the whole Tenth Ward, with the school trusteeship thrown in for it."

"What killed it?" asked the reporter to whom Lucien was pouring out his grief.

"He was scalded to death. I had the moccasin and a water dog in the same jar together, but somehow or other they couldn't get along with each other. They were continually fighting over the food I gave them, and yesterday they concluded to settle their differences forever. They sparred around in the water for awhile, neither one seeming to have the advantage, but finally the water-dog executed a flank movement on the moccasin and swallowed about three inches of his tail and body. Instead of the moccasin trying to free himself he lay perfectly still. I will refund you your fares in turn for the two seats."

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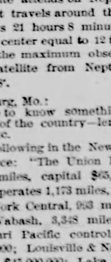

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The Sunday School.

For the Blade.

CONSECRATION.

BY WILLA L. ARMSTRONG.

O God, how can I ever be
The thing Thou wouldst employ,
To do Thy bidding cheerfully,
With swiftness, care and joy?

How can this wayward, stubborn heart
Be brought to feel such grace,
That it may bear for Thee a part—
And live to see Thy face?

How can this wicked, careless tongue
Be made to show Thy ways?
Or this weak voice, that never sung,
Be made to sing Thy praise?

How can this mind, so fully taught
To plan the ways of sin,
In pure and holy paths of thought,
Learn now to enter in?

O, by what power this grace so pure,
In all its truth and might—
What sacrifice may I endure
To bring it here to-night?

My life, my time, my hands, my feet,
I give to Thee for this;
Oh make my heart in Thine complete—
And I shall feel its bliss.

Take all my powers, my strength, my skill,
Use them to please Thee best—
And in the working of Thy will,
Let me for ever be blest.

August 3, 1883.

Ruth and Naomi.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, SEPT. 9, 1883.

Golden Text—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1: 16.

LESSON TEXT.

Ruth 1: 14-22.

14. And they lifted up their voice and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.

15. And she said, behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law.

16. And Ruth, said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

17. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me.

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her mother-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab, and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Out of Moab into Israel. Away from an outcast people, to join the peculiar people of God. That is what this lesson shows us. Naomi is returning. Ruth is coming for the first time. Each of them brings, in a sense, the same teaching.

I. HOW TO GET A SHARE WITH GOD'S PEOPLE

1. Join Yourself to Them (v. 4.)
2. Accept Their Lot as Yours (vs. 16-17.)
3. Mean All that You Say (v. 18.)

II. WHAT TO EXPECT AS A CONVERT.

1. God's People Will Greet You (v. 19.)
2. Circumstances May Sadden You (vs. 20, 21.)
3. Provinces will Favor You (v. 22.

I. JOIN YOURSELF TO THEM.

Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her (v. 14.) To have a part with the Lord's people you must join yourself to the Lord's people. It is not enough to send a barrel of apples or a load of wood to the minister. That is all very well in its way; it goes to show your kindly spirit, and your general interest in the minister and the cause he stands for; but it doesn't lift itself make you a Christian. If you would get a share with the people of God, you must decide once for all to be one with the people of God. You must not be contented with saying kindly words to them or about them or in making little gifts or larger ones for their benefit. You must be one of them and stick to them. You must quit Moab and set your face Israelward.

2. ACCEPT THEIR LOT AS YOURS.

Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee (vs. 16, 17.) To join the Lord's people includes the idea of being one of the Lord's people. And to be one of the Lord's people is to accept the lot of the Lord's people in all things. Ruth, rather than Orpah or Sapphira, is to be our pattern in sharing with the people of God. It is not enough to go to the borders of our land and then kiss the Zionward traveler good-by. Nor is it sufficient to put part of our possessions into the common stock and hold back the rest. Unless we are wholly the Lord's, there is not enough of us in the Lord's service to be of any particular account. A Moabite can join Israel but not without quitting Moab, and accepting the lot of the Israelite.

3. MEAN ALL THAT YOU SAY.

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her (v. 18.) To say what you mean to do, is one thing. To mean what you say is quite another thing. And unless you mean what you say, when you talk about your consecration and devotedness to God, your words have no power with God, and very little power, if any, with man. When a rich church-member says that he is the Lord's steward, and that he holds all his property as consecrated property, that all sounds very well. But the way in which he treats the contribution box and the subscription lists of his church goes a great way towards convincing people how steadfastly minded he is in the line of his professions. A stedfast mind is always a power in the world; nowhere more of a power than in the Church of Christ. When a lad says "No" as if he meant it, in answer to some temptation to do wrong, his tempters are more likely to leave speaking unto him in that line. And it is the same with older persons as with young ones.

1. GOD'S PEOPLE WILL GREET YOU.

When they were come to Bethlehem, all the city was moved about them (v. 19.) A new comer into the fold of the Good Shepherd never fails of a welcome from the rest of the flock. We have the best of reasons for believing that even the angels in heaven rejoice over one repentant sinner, one willing hearted refugee from Moab, and that for the time being that one convert centres more of angelic interest than any nine-and-nine of those who were safe before. And so it is in the church assembly below. Every loving follower of Jesus has his heart saddened by the sight of one new convert standing, or kneeling, before God in the presence of the congregation, to confess faith in the only Savior, and to promise unfailing allegiance to him. Have you had that welcome yourself? If not, why not? If you have had it, see to it that you don't fail in extending it to others.

2. CIRCUMSTANCES MAY SADDEN YOU.

The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. The Almighty hath afflicted me (vs. 20, 21.) Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. In the world ye shall have tribulation." Whoever comes into the circle of the Lord's loved ones, must expect to have things look dark to him at times. The Lord's ways are not as our ways. What the Lord does we know not now; but we shall know hereafter. Just as surely as we cast in our lot with the people of God, and receive a greeting from them, just so surely must we look for oppressing and saddening surroundings and experiences; and just so surely shall we be tempted to question and distrust the loving care and tenderness of our God, when we have no reason to do so.

3. PROVIDENCES WILL FAVOR YOU.

And they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest (v. 22.) All things work together for good to them that love God. Trials and joys have alike their part in the plan of God in behalf of those who are dear to him. And his providences are so arranged that they could not be battered for the truest welfare of those who trust him. There does not seem to have been any planning on Naomi's and Ruth's part to reach Bethlehem in the beginning of the barley harvest. But everything for their future seems to have hinged on the fact of their reaching there—empty handed and sad-hearted at just that time of the year. If Elimelech or Chilion had left a handsome property to Naomi or Ruth, the widows would probably have continued to live in Moab; or if they had moved over to Bethlehem they would have set up a separate establishment and future generations would not have been likely to know anything about them. But it was because those destitute and disconsolate women came into Bethlehem weeping, and had no property to support them, only the Lord's arm to lean on, that Ruth started out into the barley field to glean a scanty living for herself and mother-in-law. And because all this happened—in the Lord's plan—in just this way, Ruth the widowed Moabitess came to the ancestress of David and of David's Greater Son, stepped into history and immortal fame; and, on this account you and I and millions of others hold her in loving reverence, and are making her life and character a lesson for our good and the good of others, to day. Doesn't the Lord know what is best for his dear ones? Ought we to have any farther doubt on this point?—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

—A GOOD INVESTMENT.—One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had taken it a week she had a rousing appetite, and did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested." C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

His Disinterestedness Was Doubted.

Detroit Lime Kiln Club.

Col. Tragedy Walker moved to take from the table a resolution introduced a few weeks since declaring the washing-machine a greater public benefit than the railroads.

"You introduced that resolushum, I believe?" queried the President.

"I did, sah."

"It was directly arter you had bin put off a freight train on the Central Road?"

"Y-yes, sah."

"An' you had to hoof it 17 miles on de track?"

"'Bout 17, sah,"

"An you am engaged in de washin' masheen bizness?"

"I are, sah?"

"Well, it won't hurt dat resolushum to take a drap in de stove, an' you'd better sot down an' rest your legs."

WOODBERRY, MD.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

The Rule of Three.

Life.

Elderly and obnoxious suitor, who was the first to arrive and evidently means to be the last to go—"I have forgotten most of my mathematics, but at your age, sir, I was devoted to them." Impatient young lover—"Ah! Then you probably are familiar with the rule of three." "E. S. —"The rule of three?" "Yes, that two is company, and three is—one more."

The place that Dr. Price's Flavoring Extracts have won in public estimation sustains us in the assertion that for standard excellence they have no equal in the market. Every housewife who has had occasion to use Dr. Price's Flavorings, will endorse the above statement. They are as natural as the fruit from which they are extracted.

Not a Carpenter.

Newport Journal.

A would-be fashionable young lady went into a German barber shop yesterday, accompanied by a female friend, and said to a barber:

"I would like to have my bangs shingled, if you please."

"Vell, excuse me; but I don'd vas any carpenter. You moost to a garpenter go fur dot shinglin' pisniss. Dem got shingles und cherytings."

REMEMBER! Glenn's Sulphur Soap presents all the advantages of sulphur baths at a cheap rate.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," 50 cts.

Victoria's Economy.

London Truth.

I hear that the Queen intends to alter the plan of letting her younger sons live at the Palace when they are in Town, as it leads to confusion and expense. As a preliminary, Her Majesty has issued an order that any Royalties residing there for more than three days must bring their own servants and provide for themselves.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Unanimous Approval of Medical Staff.

Dr. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

Weak, nervous men need to consult the Harris Remedy Co. See advertisement in this paper.

Holman.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

If I could only invent a liver pad that would cure the chronic crankiness of the Democratic party, my boom for the Presidency would swing me right into the White House.—*Holman, of Indiana.*

TIRED OUT, The distressing feeling of weariness, of exhaustion without effort, which makes life a burden to so many people, is due to the fact that the blood is poor, and the vitality consequently feeble. If you are suffering from such feelings,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is just what you need, and will do you incalculable good.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching, and invigorating qualities as AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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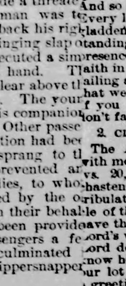

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for soldiers, widows, parents, children. Pensions for wounds, accidental injuries, rupture, diseases of lungs, heart, eyes, rheumatism, varicose veins, piles, diarrhœa, or any disease. Thousands yet entitled. New Laws. Pensioners now entitled to an Increase Bounty and due thousands. Soldiers and heirs of 1812 and Mexican wars entitled. Pensions and Land Warrants. I have unexcelled facilities for securing

PATENTS.

This is one of the oldest and most responsible claim agencies in Washington. Send two stamps for late laws, blanks and instructions. W. F. FITZGERALD, Attorney at Law, 906 "F" street, Washington, D. C.

PENSION Write T. W. Tallmadge, WASHINGTON, D. C. 21 years experience as Pension Attorney. Recommended by Senator John Sherman and others. Prosecutes all claims against the Government.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

Epps's Cocoa

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½lb and ¼lb), by grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

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CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifier.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, August 30, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second Class Matter.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

THE BLADE FOR THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

The result in Ohio this Fall is a matter of National importance. We shall from this time out prepare a special edition of the Weekly Blade for the State of Ohio, for three months, making the rate so low that it can be circulated by the thousand everywhere. Central Committees and those enough interested in the campaign to do a little work toward making a Republican success certain, will be good enough to apply immediately for rates. A postal card will answer. There should be 50,000 Weekly Blades circulated regularly in Ohio till after the October election.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN TO WORKING REPUBLICANS.

In view of the importance of the pending campaign in Ohio, which is of importance from a National as well as State point of view, we have prepared four "Campaign Leaflets," each of four pages, for general circulation. The four are as follows:

"A Conversation Between Farmer Brown and Farmer Jones on the Scott Law."

"A Talk Between a Beer-Seller and a Beer-Drinker."

"Sixteen Reasons for Voting for Foraker and Republican candidates for the Legislature."

"Mr. Nasby on the Ohio Scott Law."

These leaflets will be furnished at $1.25 per thousand. Lots of 200, designed for neighborhood circulation, to any address, postage paid for 25 cents.

During the memorable campaign of 1880, we published four leaflets, similar in nature, which the National Committee circulated by the million, using 1,000,000 in the State of Indiana alone. They will be printed in very large type, and will prove the most effective campaign workers that can be used.

The Chicago *Tribune* states that a young Kentuckian who was "robbed, knocked senseless, cut open with a knife, thrown into the river and stamped on," was "badly used up." We should think so.

Oscar Wilde, who is preparing to inflict a decidedly original play on the New Yorkers, gives this bit of "taffy" to a reporter: "There is, I think, no other country in the world where there are such appreciative audiences as in America."

California's wheat crop will be worth about $60,000,000, and that of the other Pacific Coast States and Territories will be $20,000,000 more, altogether making the sum of $80,000,000, an amount larger than the entire value of the precious metals produced in the United States during 1882.

Some of the Southern papers—*apropos* of the recent controversy—are saying that they once did know a Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was for a while quite prominent in Southern politics, but that he died very dead in Southwestern Georgia about the close of the war.

With reference to the hay fever sufferer, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* feelingly remarks: "With shaded eyes and pockets swelling with handkerchiefs, he stands on the border of a sneeze, and for weeks to come must exist in a vale of tears."

Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*: Paris green, which Southern farmers are said to be sprinkling on their growing tobacco, may be an excellent remedy for worms, and no doubt will prove a good tobacco habit cure among chewers and smokers generally.

It has been revealed to the heads of the Mormon church that as water is somewhat scarce in Hades and as none can hope to reach the realms of bliss without baptism, "the living may stand in the place of the dead and receive the ordinance vicariously." Those adhering to the tenets of our Western "peculiar institution" term this ceremony "baptism for the dead."

Kentucky papers are getting a trifle jealous of the "warm-weather stories" produced by Eastern men, and are getting out quite a good harvest of assorted marvels. One of the most promising of these is a tale of a potato recently raised and eaten by a Kentucky family. According to the truthful teller of the story it served as dinner for 11 hearty eaters, all extremely fond of the eatable, and then there was enough left to feed a large flock of poultry.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

During the past week the members of the Presidential party who are doing the Far West, spent most of their time in the famous Yellowstone Park, where they explored all the marvels of that wonderful country. Late in the week a report was telegraphed East that a party of cowboys had put up a scheme to kidnap the President and hold him for a heavy ransom, but the report was utterly without foundation, being the invention of some sensational reporter. The party is in the the best of health and is greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Yellowstone country. The President will be in Washington again Sept. 15.

Speculations as to the outcome of the Presidential election next year continue to grow in interest as each week brings us farther along in the latter half of 1883, and nearer to the actual beginning of the campaign, which must open up during the Winter. The probable complexion of the Electoral College can be fairly guessed at now, from the political indications in the various States. After the Fall elections the indications will become so positive as to be deemed by many almost unmistakable. As there will be 401 Electors in the College of 1884, it will require 201 to elect a successor to Pres. Arthur. The States that will certainly go Republican are:

	Votes.		Votes.
Colorado	3	New Hampshire	4
Illinois	22	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Oregon	3
Kansas	9	Pennsylvania	30
Maine	6	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	14	Vermont	5
Michigan	13	Wisconsin	11
Minnesota	7		
Nebraska	5	Total	171

The States that will certainly go Democratic are:

	Votes.		Votes.
Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	South Carolina	7
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisiana	8		
Maryland	8	Total	117
Mississippi	9		

This leaves the Republicans 30 short of a majority, and the Democrats 84. The States that will probably go Republican are:

California	8	Nevada	3
Connecticut	6		
Florida	4	Total	36
Indiana	15		

which would give the Republicans six to spare.

The States that will probably go Democratic are:

Delaware	3	West Virginia	6
New Jersey	9		
North Carolina	11	Total	29

Total	48
Virginia	12
New York	36

Even if they get both of these they will still be 7 short of a majority, and the probabilities for carrying both are more favorable for the Republicans than the Democrats.

The business situation shows no marked change. No additional failures of importance have been reported during the week, and the feeling is general that the worst is past, and that the opening of the Fall trade will bring about a strong improvement in all branches of trade.

The terrible cyclone in Minnesota, adds another to the terrible list of casualties which made this one of the most remarkable of years.

The English Parliament was prorogued on Saturday last, the Queen's speech being read by royal commission. During the whole session the House of Lords has been a body of obstructionists, as much so as Mr. Parnell and his followers. They have defeated three measures on which the public generally had agreed, and swept away the best features of a fourth by their amendments. They finally threw out the bill to legalize marriage with a dead wife's sister. They voted down the bill to prohibit the abominable cruelty of pigeon-shooting matches; they have thrown out the bill to reduce the suffrage in the Irish boroughs to something like the English and Scotch level, thus giving the Irish agitators another good reason for insisting that there is one rule for England and another for Ireland. If this sort of thing continues, the time will come when Great Britain will feel the House of Lords a hindrance instead of a help in government.

The nations of Europe seem determined just now to make Africa a sort of hunting ground. France, besides claiming the Congo region and annexing Tunis, has had the Niger region placed under her protection by a French adventurer who says he was there. England has extended the boundaries of Sierra Leone towards, if not quite up to, those of Liberia, whose people live in fear of annexation to the British Empire. The Republic has a Consul-General in London, but England sends no representative to Monrovia. The Italians have shown a disposition to seize on Morocco, and nothing but the prompt payment of sundry old and doubtful claims has prevented the bombardment of Tangier and robbed the aggressors of their excuse. And now a German firm has purchased a strip of coast in South Africa, 1,350 square miles in area, and has obtained leave to hoist the German flag over it. Evidently Africa is to be made happy by a closer association with Europe, at the cost of a great many lives sacrificed to coast fever.

The English settlement of Cetewayo's affairs has not proved satisfactory. He is still alive and determined not to rest quiet under the unjust arrangements made for him, and will lay a statement of his grievances before the Queen. He has a right to demand a change since the result has proved so nearly fatal to himself and his interests.

News has been received to the effect that the French have bombarded and captured the Fort and batteries at the mouth of the Hue River. The operations occurred about the middle of the month, and 700 Anamites were killed during the engagement. The Anamite Court is greatly alarmed at the movements of the French.

At a conference of Irish members of Parliament a program was prepared for the Convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain, Sept. 27. The program demands self-government for Ireland, and direct representation of the Irish laboring class in Parliament.

The Hungarian wheat crop is estimated at a full average. The Austrian crop is 15 per cent. below the average.

The London Missionary Society received a telegram announcing that the Queen of Madagascar died July 13.

A report comes from Lisbon that Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has closed the upper Congo to commerce.

The Berlin *Bundesrath* unanimously approves the treaty of commerce between Germany and France.

THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG.

The 69th anniversary of the battle of Bladensburg—the shameful defeat which gave the British possession of Washington—has aroused more than the usual comment upon anniversaries of our second struggle with Great Britain. There is nothing in our annals of so little credit to us as the history of the land operations in the war of 1812. It was a series of wretched blunders, of the grossest incompetency, and frequently of exhibitions of actual cowardice by men and even high officers.

The Jeffersonian Democracy, which was responsible for the frightful mismanagement succeeded in glozing it over to the popular eye, by holding up to view the few brilliant deeds achieved by our arms in spite of adverse influences, but the truth of history could not be concealed to any one who chose to give himself the most cursory information on the subject.

In the first place the Jeffersonian Democrats rushed the unprepared country into a war with Great Britain to forestall the Federalists who desired to fight France. The only preparation there had been made for such a conflict had been made by the Federalists, in developing a navy, in spite of the bitter opposition of the rancorously-partisan Jefferson, and his followers. When under the administration of the mediocre Madison these last forced through a declaration of war against Great Britain, they made no adequate preparations to meet the storm they had provoked. They did not even show any alacrity in informing our commanders along the Northern frontier of the fact, and the first intimation those at Mackinac, Detroit, Niagara, and elsewhere had of its existence, came with the announcement that British columns were moving against them. Hull, commanding at Detroit, was taken unawares and surrendered, as did also the commander at Mackinac. Other humiliating disasters followed close upon the heels of these. The garrison at Chicago was massacred by the Indians; Gen. Winchester pushed up toward Detroit as far as the River Raisin, and allowed his command to be surprised and slaughtered. Maj. VanHorn was defeated with great loss near Huron. An American column was formed to cross the Niagara River, and attack the British on the other side. After part of the forces had crossed, and opened the battle, the rest refused to go to their assistance, on the plea that they were militia, and could not be lawfully ordered out of the State. Those who had crossed were in consequence compelled to surrender. Among those taken prisoner was Lieut.-Col. Winfield Scott. An army was assembled at great expense, under Wade Hampton—grandfather of the present Senator from South Carolina—for a movement against Montreal. After some days upon the march Hampton became panic-stricken from fear of a night attack in consequence of a clever trick of the British officer in command of the small force in his front, who advanced upon him in the darkness with a tremendous blowing of trumpets, whereupon Hampton retreated with great precipitation to a place of safety and the expedition came to nought.

The crown of shame came at Bladensburg in 1814. Gen. Ross, a capable and energetic British officer had descended upon the mouth of the Chesapeake, with a naval and land force. He moved against Washington in August, and the Administration sent one of its pets—Gen. Winder—to oppose him. Winder had a force of about 4,000; Ross one of 3,000. Com. Barney, a gallant old sailor, in command of the Chesapeake flotilla, burned his vessels, landed his men and guns and joined Winder, who was stationed at Bladensburg, a few miles from Washington. The engagement had hardly opened when Winder and his men ran away in the most cowardly manner, leaving Com. Barney and his men to be overpowered, after a heroic resistance. The British then marched to Washington, Pres. Madison and his associates skurrying out at one end of the City in the most undignified manner, as the British entered the other. After destroying the public buildings, the British retired leisurely to their vessels.

On the battle-field at Bladensburg there used to stand two guide boards inscribed:

Here did Gen. Winder flee
With his infantree
And his cavalree,
For no fighting man was he.

Here did Commodore Barney stand,
With his brave, undaunted band
Defending his native land,
For a fighting man was he.

This Gen. Winder was the father of the infamous Gen. John H Winder, a graduate of West Point, a Major in the old Regular Army, a bosom friend and supple tool of Jeff. Davis, and the scoundrel who, more than all other men, was responsible for the atrocities of Andersonville.

The honor of our arms was redeemed by the wonderful succession of naval victories we gained, and toward the close of the war by the successes on the Niagara frontier, by Harrison's victories at Fort Meigs and the Moravian Towns, and the victory at New Orleans, fought after the close of the war.

We were in the end very glad to conclude peace without saying anything about the causes for which we took up arms.

The failure of Geo. William Ballou recalls the comical attempts he made to puff himself up into one of the financial magnates of the country. He was always considered very light-waisted, mentally and financially, for much of a figure on Wall Street, but this did not repress his wild desire to be thought the equal of Gould and Vanderbilt. One of his performances when he came upon the street a few years ago, was to connive with a fashionable tailor to issue a fine fashion plate, entitled "Kings of Wall Street," which was made up of photographs of Vanderbilt, Gould, Cyrus Field, Russell Sage, etc., attired in the latest styles. Foremost in the group was Geo. William Ballou, apparently explaining some great financial scheme, to which all the rest were intently listening.

Central America is suffering from a variety of evils. Besides the customary revolutions there are cholera, yellow fever, black small pox and typhus raging.

WOMEN AS BASE-BALLISTS.

Victor Hugo, who has the good luck to have his paragraphs copied rather more extensively than any other man in the literary line, remarked a while ago:

"Man was the conundrum of the 18th century; woman is that of the 19th."

Whereat another paragrapher, who did not perhaps catch Victor's meaning, answered with fervor:

"We may not be able to guess her, but we will never give her up—no, never."

It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the author of "Les Miserables" had no thought of comparing the sweeter and brighter half of creation to those verbal terrors which begin with a "Why is a ——," and end with an interrogation mark. What he meant to say in his epigrammatic way was that the main question before the house at present is the firm demand of the fair sex that in the game of life all the face cards and trumps shall not be dealt to the men, and the spots and the short suits to the women. In other words there shall be what the Miss Anthony calls an "enlargement of women's sphere of activity and usefulness," what Mrs. Livermore terms "extending the field of our labor and rewards." and plain, practical men allude to as "giving the girl the same show in a hash ticket as the boy."

Those who believe in the "emancipation of women from the despotism of hoary prejudices and effete superstitions," who hold the bright evangel of the day to be that "Mere sex shall not disqualify one for any of the pursuits of life," will rejoice to know that dull, conservative Philadelphia has actually led off in a movement to give the women of this country their proper share in the athletic training, emoluments and glory of our great National pastime. A fine female base-ball club has been organized in that City of Quakers and people whose main pride is in their grandfathers. It is being vigorously trained, and next season it will sweep through the country and the pockets of the people like a whole galaxy of Oscar Wildes and Mrs. Langtrys.

A game of base-ball by 18 comely and athletic maidens, with a soprano umpire, ought to be a great attraction and harvest dollars like a circus or a seaside hotel. The regulation costume admits of modification to the fascinating undress of the "Black Crook," and the spectacle of 18 girls, of shapely outlines, and clothed principally in stockings, capering nimbly over the velvety sod for bases and balls and things, ought to make a feast even for eyes that have become jaded with the marching Amazons and dancing fairies of the usual plays "containing marvelous spectacular effects." Think, too, of front seats that will accommodate thousands of bald-heads.

As is but natural, we hear of the trainer of these athletic young ladies having to encounter unusual embarrassments. No woman ever catches anything—save a tongue-lashing—except in her apron. The whole scheme threatened to prove a failure early in its history, because the trainer despotically insisted that the players should not wear their aprons in the field, but must catch the ball with their hands. Next came the difficulty about throwing the ball. Scientists have learnedly expounded that it is a clavicular defect in woman which prevents her throwing stones, etc., with the swiftness and accuracy of a man. They say her shoulder-blade is placed too low. It is a knowledge of this fact that makes men all around the horizon dodge when they see a woman raise a stone to throw at a hen 15 feet in front of her. The trainer was greatly discouraged at first by the uncertainty as to which of the base-girls would have to pick up the ball which the pitcher intended to throw to the catcher, but indefatigable drilling has done much, and now by having all the extra players, "field" around all over the bases, the pitcher and the catcher he manages to have the ball kept in sight. A tendency among young ladies to "scrouch," and scream, "Oh! you horrid, horrid thing," whenever they see the ball coming their way, had also to be cured by patient teaching. So far, however, the sternest discipline has been ineffectual to prevent a player who felt that her back hair was coming down, from stopping in the pursuit of a "fly" or on her way to a base, to fill her mouth with hairpins, and twist up the rebellious braids.

We know that we will incur the wrath of Miss Anthony in mentioning these little matters. She will tell us, with her customary ascerbity that we must not blame the poor things for what is the result of the numberless centuries of "servitude of women to the whims and fancies of the tyrant man," and doubtless she is right. Still, we feel a sympathetic throb for the man and brother who has undertaken the job of converting these damsels into first-class players, and we ask for him the heart-felt pity of his fellow-men.

QUOTATIONS ON DEMOCRATS.

Quotations on good merchantable Democrats continue to be given in the newspapers, the same as reports of the ruling rates in other purchasable commodities. The various papers emulate each other in the correctness of these statements, as also in reports as to volume and other particulars of transfers of choice lots of voters or delegates. The greatest trouble about these transfers seems to be that the rules of the business are not yet at all well-defined, and there is a looseness about contracts which one rarely finds in other species of traffic. For example, when preparations were being made for the Democratic State Convention, Hoadly contracted for the entire Hamilton County delegation, private terms, buyer's option. It was a good square bargain—straight and regular as any sale of cattle or hogs, in car-load lots, for future delivery, and should have been lived up to. But an opportunity rose to sell out 26 of the delegation to the anti-Hoadly managers at a sharp advance, and this was done, in defiance of all rules of business. Hoadly, in turn, found it was necessary to have 15 of them to complete his job lot, and he bought them back at prices which are variously stated as high as $250 a delegate. These are the highest quotations made on delegates to the Ohio Democratic Convention. The lowest is $10 a head, paid for votes for the candidate for the Board of Public Works. According to the Democratic papers—which pay more attention to reports of this kind than the Republican journals—there were large purchases of delegates in the recent Hamilton County Democratic Convention, but the figures are not yet given. We shall probably be given accurate quotations in a few days. The Democratic heeler and striker seems to be coining money now-a-days.

It would seem as if it were about time to let that story about a Maine man's having Pharaoh's lower jaw, rest.

DEMOCRATIC HISTORY.

As we have before remarked there are no such swift witnesses against Democracy as the Democrats themselves. No one tells such harrowing stories of Democratic delegates and voters being bought up as unsuccessful Democratic candidates—no one puts the price at which Democrats can be bought quite as low as a fellow Democrat, and so on. The ones who entertain and express the poorest opinion of the components of the worn-out, effete old party of blunders and crimes are invariably Democrats.

This is illustrated most abundantly of late by the eagerness of the Democratic papers to believe that Dorsey bought thousands of Indiana Democrats at $2 each, or $24 a dozen, by the firmness of the assertions of the anti-Hoadly Democrats as to the purchase of job-lots of delegates by the present Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and the equally firm counter assertions of the Hoadly faction of delegates bought by wholesale by the *Enquirer*-Bookwalter syndicate. Lastly comes the testimony of Gen. J. R. Chalmers. Chalmer's Democracy is unimpeachable. No man in the country—not even Jeff Davis himself—has made himself so fine a Democratic record. Born and raised a Mississippi Democrat, he was an original Secessionist, and went into camp at the head of a regiment "as soon as his State went out." We are not sure that he did not anticipate this action, for we have an impression that he was one of a party that in the Winter before the war planted cannon on the bank of the Mississippi at Vicksburg, and compelled steamers to round to and be searched for "Abolitionists," "incendiary publications," etc. At all events he speedily distinguished himself as a Rebel soldier, and was promoted to the command of the best division of cavalry in the corps commanded by the redoubtable Forrest. While in this capacity he raised himself to the highest place in the Democratic esteem by his leading part in the shameful massacre of the negros at Fort Pillow. After the war he distinguished himself still further as a principal in the famous "Mississippi plan," whereby the negros were maltreated, murdered, and terrorized until a Republican majority of 30,000 was extinguished, and the State made permanently Democratic. We write these facts to show Gen. Chalmers's standing as a Democrat, and to prepare the reader's mind for a proper appreciation of the following remarkable letter written by him to the Memphis *Avalanche:*

Sardis, Miss., July 23.—Gen. Weaver says that the Democratic party had been camping every year on the ground where the Republican party had camped the year before, and this is eminently true of the Mississippi Democracy.

In 1865 they declared the reconstruction measures revolutionary and void, and bitterly opposed the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution as they come un. At the next Presidential election, in 1832, they not only stood in the reconstruction measures and the amendments to the Constitution, but they selected Horace Greeley as their candidate to stand on them, thus stepping over to the Republican platform on this subject. In 1868 they were the advocates of greenbacks for the payment of the United States bonds, and declared there should be the same money for the bondholders and the plowholders. Then followed the old doctrines of Calhoun and Jackson of opposition to national banks and upholding the old Democratic idea that the Government, and not corporations, should make whatever the people were required to take as money.

The doctrine was partially ignored by the National Convention in 1876, but the Mississippi Democracy clung to the old doctrine until 1880. In the Forty-fifth Congress, when Democrats were passing a bill to stop the destruction of greenbacks, Mr. Bayard moved to amend the bill by taking away the legal tender feature of greenbacks, while leaving the partial legal tender feature of National bank notes standing, and thus giving the National banks a monopoly of the paper money of the country. Mr. Lamar voted for Bayard's amendment, and when this failed, did not vote at all on the passage of the bill, and yet, in 1880, Mr. Lamar carried one-half of the Mississippi delegation to Cincinnati to vote for Mr. Bayard for President, thus stepping over to the Republican platform on National banks.

In 1878 the Democratic party was in favor of the re-coinage of silver at its old standard value, and in the Forty-fourth Congress Mr. Lamar, as member of the House, voted for the Blair silver bill.

In the Forty-fifth Congress Mr. Lamar, as a Senator, changed his mind, and, in violation of instructions from his State Legislature voted against the old silver dollar. In the Forty-sixth Congress Mr. Bayard not only opposed the silver bill passed by a Democratic House, but by his arbitrary action as Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate, defeated the consideration of the measure in that body. And yet Mr. Lamar, as just stated, in 1880 carried one-half of the Mississippi delegation to Cincinnati to indorse Mr. Bayard, and in 1882 Mr. Lamar was himself indorsed by re-election to the Senate by the Democrats of Mississippi, who thus passed over to the Republican platform on that subject.

In 1876 the Democrats were for "a Tariff for revenue only." Now, in 1883, the Democrats of Ohio have adopted the original Republican platform of 1856 in almost its exact language, and have nominated on it as their candidate for Governor a distinguished Liberal Republican who left that party but a few years ago. And every Democratic paper in Mississippi has said amen, and bravely steps over to the old-time Republican platform. As now construed, this platform of 1880 meant "a Tariff for revenue—only for office." But as the offices did not come on that platform, they now say a Tariff for revenue must be supplemented by such discrimination as will afford protection to American industry. One is relegated to its appropriate sphere, and that is to keep the conflicting elements, called Democrats, together until they can elect a President. "Only this and nothing more."

In 1881 the Mississippi Democrats were very bitter in denouncing the Independent party in Mississippi as the half-way house to Republicanism. And last year an article from the Vicksburg Commercial charging this was reproduced and an attempt was made to foster it on me because I had an interest in the paper, as being an admission of the ultimate purpose of Independents. Now the Democracy of Mississippi, in many Counties of the State, are openly advocating a fusion with the Republicans simply to divide the spoils of office. They have passed the half-way house and are making the best possible time for the home base.

This time they have surpassed their achievements, as described by Gen. Weaver, and instead of resting on last year's encampment of the Republicans, they propose to occupy the same campground together.

When the North Carolina mover started West with his two-wheeled cart covered with white cotton and the old yellow dog tied behind, he almost pulled the old dog's head off the first day to get him along. (Vide Democrats pulling back and growling over the reconstruction measures, constitutional amendments, etc.) In a few days the old dog began to trot quietly along and sleep behind the wagon. (Vide Democrats sleeping on the Republicans' old campground.) At last the old dog jumped in and slept comfortably in the wagon. (Vide Lynch and Lamar sleeping quietly together after their arduous labor in dividing out the offices in the negro Counties in Mississippi.

J. R. Chalmers.

Attention is called to our announcement of "A Golden Opportunity" in another column. We are giving the Blade to agents for three months at so low a price that it is a very easy matter to raise clubs of 20, 50, and even 100, in a few hours. Indeed this is just what our agents are now doing everywhere. Any person who wishes to canvass for a few hours at a profit to themselves, may become our agent. Simply drop us a postal card asking terms, and we will advise you the special price, which is so surprisingly low that you can easily take at the rate of 20 subscriptions in an hour. Try it.

NASBY.

nam's Sons, New York. Price, 20 cents.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have also ventured nto the field of cheap literature occupied y the "Seaside," "Franklin Square," and ther "Libraries." They style their ven- are the "Hudson Library," and the two ovels mentioned above are their first pub ication. They are printed on fine heavy aper, in large type, and are altogether uch more attractive than the usual run f these cheap publications. The stories hemselves are standard works, and of the ighest grade of excellence.

THEATER CONTEMPORAINE.

The fifth number of W. R. Jenkyn's (850 ixth avenue, New York) charming plays or the use of students and readers of rench, is out. It contains two bright little omedies, "Le Pluie et le Beau Temps," by eon Gozlan, and "Autour d'un Berceau," y Ernest Legouve. Price 25 cents.

MODERN AGE.

A number of famous names combine to ake the *Modern Age* for September a oteworthy number. The fiction comprises 'Hard Luck," by Gaston Bergeret; "What happened to Holy St. Pancras of Evolo," y A. Schmeegans, and the concluding hapters of "The Californians." James nthony Froude's name is attached to a imely article on "Luther," and the num- er contains two poems, one by Austin obson, the other by Algernon Charles winburne. "To New York with the ails" and "Theatrical Traitors," are ight and agreeable reading. The editorial departments are as usual—good.

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The *Magazine of Art* for September is ich and attractive in its illustrations The ontispiece is entitled, "At the Golden ate," and is drawn from the picture by al Prinsep, A. R. A. Wilfred Magnell ontributes a sketch of this English painter nd dramatist, with three illustrations. he opening paper is on that fine architec- ural structure, "Dorchester House," Lon- on, and is illustrated with six engravings. ne of the most striking full page pictures f this number is "News from the War," rom a painting from Carl Hoff. "The erry on the Fiord" is a faithful represen- ation of Scottish scenery. Cosmo Monk- ouse contributes a pretty pathetic poem n "A Bristol Figure." In "Current Art" number of the works of contemporary rtists are criticised. The magazine is pub- ished by Cassell & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Lippincott's Magazine for September has n attractive table of contents, including everal articles of special interest. An dian adventure, "Viareggio," is the ubject of an illustrated paper, in which any features of seaside life that will be ovel to American readers are amusingly picted. Under the title of "An Episode John Brown's Raid," Col. A. K. McClure ves an account of the singular adventures Capt. Cook, whose counsel he was, and ings to light many interesting particulars connection with the ill-starred expedi- n, and the state of public feeling in the rder country. "In Suspense" is an anony- ous production, but apparently from the n of an English writer well acquainted th Carlyle, Bishop Wilberforce, and aconsfield, who are introduced as parties a colloquy which takes place in sort of purgatory, as indicated by the le and quotation from Dante. "Five aves in Montana," by S. B. Griffin, edi- of the Springfield *Republican*, traces history of a notorious gang of "road ents," and the bold and stringent meas- es by which life and property were made ure in the Territory before it had been ally organized. "Our Summer Court in obarie," by P. Deming, is a very pleas- rural sketch, marked by a vein of quiet nor; and "The Metropolis of the Farm," Edward C. Bruce, calls up all the asso- ions connected with barns, treating the bject from an economical as well as uresque point of view.

"The Jewel in the Lotos," which is illus- ted with a beautiful frontispiece, main- ns its interest; and the short stories, elia Grimwet," by Arlo Bates; "The orst Man in the Troop," by Capt. Charles ng, and "The Discipline of Paper Dolls," Annie Eliot, are varied and entertain- There are, as usual, several good ngs in the "Monthly Gossip." *Lippin- t's* is always emphatically readable.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The *Overland Monthly* for September s 109 pages of excellent reading matter, orth in the following headings: he Past and Present of Political Econ- y;" "The Freedom of Teaching;" cross the Plains;" "Pericles and Kalo- ra;" "Mistaken;" "Pioneer Sketches;" Visit;" "The Migration Problem; he Wood Chopper to His Ax;" "The Old rt of Trunidad;" "Science and Life;" ernardo de Bessed;" "King Cophetua's fe;" "Gone;" "The Switzerland of the rthwest;" "Annetta;" "Family Names d their Mutations;" "Current Comment;" ook Reviews;" "Outcroppings." The *rland* is published by Samuel Carson, Francisco.

FASHION NOTES.

late costume of ecru batiste is em- dered with small corn flowers. The hat ecru lace rimmed with corn flowers. ival medallions of leather basket work set on buff linen bands, which have edges wrought with blue and gold. hite linen scolloped borders have beau- l Persian designs stitched in bright red blue and embroidered with gold thread. evening dress of pink shows a bird of idise, with outstretched wings, perch- on a bouquet of flowers, embroidered on train.

new polisse is in bronze velvet, em- d with large palms; velvet sash, with tassels at the side. Russian sleeves, at the top.

r cool days there are short, close fitting ets in blue rigogne, trimmed with silver black braid, and fastened with silver nished buttons.

ne dainty half toilets are of blue and ecrepe, with puffed and frilled skirts, puffed sleeves, with small clusters of en nestling in the puffs.

ceedingly novel is a costume of white lin, draped with bunches of apple blos- s, leaves and fruit of natural size, lace het and parasol trimmed en suite.

mall but charming capotes have crowns posed of a trellis of pearls and lace . An aigrette or a bunch of tips and velvet bows is all the trimming ed.

r dinner costumes the lower parts of are made of pale-colored silks, cov- with deep lace flounces. The bodices, lers and draperies are of broche, gauze, an gauze, with Indian polaris or cream ng.

he black lace and white muslin and lace sols are novel and pretty. Some have ades of narrow ribbon loops and others e single flowers arranged among their ness, with borderings of leaves, grasses lowers.

new and very fine llama lace has small hes and band-run figures. This lace is l to form lovely black bonnets by being nged in gathered rows over tulle laid gold wires, and the finish is given on the by strung gold beads. Velvet or satin ps or large rhododendrons trim such nets.

A Dude of the Last Century.

Boston Herald.

A new kind of dandy appeared in 1770. was customary in the last century for ung men of rank to finish their educa- n by making the grand tour of the ntinent, and a number of them at the se of their travels formed a club in St. nes street, which they called the Sa- e Vivre Club. They had periodical ners, at which they introduced the familiar but then unusual dish, aroni, and, first applied to members y, this strange name was afterwards d to describe all such exquisites as they re.

They were the objects of as much ridi- e as the modern "dude." Wearing ir hair drawn high above the scalp in shape of a bee hive, with long curls the side and an enormous chignon, y crowned this superstructure with an redingly small cocked hat. Their ts, waistcoats and breeches were scant, latter being of striped silk, with ches of ribbon at the knee. They ried long canes, decorated with silk ls, and wore two watches, with large ches of seals hanging from them. und their necks they had white ties, ned under their chins with an im- se bow. Their calves were displayed hite stockings, and their feet incased small shoes with diamond buckles. ladies vied with the men in the ex- gance of their costume, and likewise their hair in great puffs which ed to overbalance their bodies.

hen we consider the little attention h is paid to the laws of health, we can- be surprised at the indifference mani- d in relation to the purity of the articles are use in daily food. If all artiles upon the market were as perfect as Dr. 's Cream Baking Powder, this indiffer- might answer.

According to the Philadelphia *Bulletin's* Alaskan letter a poor missionary has made an attempt at civilizing the Indians at Metlkahtla, and they seem to have made more progress forward under his direction than have those who live and scalp under Uncle Sam's fostering care. Mr. Duncan, the missionary, is an unmarried English gentleman, who has spent 21 years among the Indians in missionary work. He set himself to work to try and change the wild and savage mode of life followed by the Indians, and succeeded in inducing quite a number of his neighbors to do so. He now found it absolutely necessary to get some new method by which his parishoners could earn a living but nothing, daunted set to work to construct a salmon cannery. By their assistance he has managed to build one having a yearly output of 5,000 cans. Inspirited by this success they have gone on in this direction until now they have a tin shop, a blacksmith shop, a furniture factory, a saw mill, a brick yard and a woolen mill, producing a fair quality of of shawls, all establishments being run and owned by Indians, for as soon as Mr. Duncan gets an enterprise fairly on its feet he relinquishes it wholly to the best of the workmen. The Indians have have built a Town of 120 good sized houses, a church and a bank. It has good streets, sidewalks and taxes. Total prohibition reigns in this wild Alaskan Village, the natives themselves establishing it.

The growers in the great hop districts in Central New York expect only a moderate crop, as the season has not been especially favorable, and do not think prices will run very high. Last year the crop was disposed of at figures usually ranging from 40 to 70 cents a pound by the farmer, but the middlemen had hopes of being able to sell for $1.50 a pound, and bought all the hops accessible, even at the rate of 75, 80 or 90 cents, but the brewer refused to buy and began using substitutes to a great extent, which forced the speculators to sell out at 25 and 30 cents. This season, at the time the hops should have begun running up the poles there was cool, wet and unpleasant weather, causing about one-tenth of the vines to become "muffle-heads." By "muffle-head," the growers mean a vine that after running up the pole four or five feet stops and bushes out in a thick crown of leaves. These are considered a dead loss, as they seldom bear, and when they do it is a light, feathery crop. The increased acreage will probably make up for the somewhat deficient crops.

It is said that the camp meeting at Ocean Grove this year is the largest ever held at that place, the number living there for the few weeks of session being estimated at 50,000, and a single surf meeting on a Sunday evening drawing an attendance of 30,000. These figures do not, however, says the New York *Sun*, indicate any great religious awakening, but simply shows that camp meetings are becoming more and more popular among the Methodists as a means of Summer recreation. There are prolonged picnics in the country during warm weather at a small expense to each individual. Whatever may be their spiritual effect they certainly give a chance for overworked brothers and sisters to get a change, meet congenial company and yet not feel that they are neglecting their duties.

A new Californian industry, which promises to attain great proportions, is the drying of apricots. Hitherto 99-100ths of the apricots exported have been sent out in cans, but in consequence of overproduction the factories reduced the price paid the growers so much that numbers of the latter have gone to drying their fruit. One granger, by dint of much experimenting, found out a plan by which while the fruit is completely dessicated, its flavor is not at all injured. He gave his method to the world, and the result is that a large proportion of California's apricot crop will hereafter be dried.

Seven years ago a colony of about 4,000 Mennonites went to Manitoba where the Government set aside a large reservation of rich land for them. Here they now form a colony divided into 10 or 12 villages having a democratic government, though there are elders whose province it is to settle minor disputes. Their habits are exceedingly primitive, pigs, cows, horses and poultry all living in the same apartments with the invariably large families. However, they are very thrifty and though extremely few have even an inkling of English, they manage to get along swimmingly with their neighbors.

The class of political economists who are continually urging that the State do this or that thing to make men richer, or happier or more virtuous, has received an addition in the person of Sir William Armstrong—the great cannon man—who urges that the State prohibit by law men having more than a specified number of children. This would be an admirable reg

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Maryland—Virginia — Ohio — Judge Black — Oysters — The Strikers — Items.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, August 24, 1883.

The political pot is boiling smoothly all around this City, notwithstanding its magnates are widely scattered, and there is a marvelous quiet prevailing within it. Washington was never, I think, so dull. There is not a thing of excitement to disturb even the tenor of its way. But over in Virginia and a little out in Maryland the pot is stirred up from the bottom, and is not likely to get settled till it is settled by a fight. In my last I mentioned the trouble caused by the letter of Gov. Hamilton, of Texas, to the indictment of Mayor Whyte, of Baltimore, among the Democrats of that City, which has since changed with malfeasance in office. In no case has yet come to trial, but the parties indicted were required to give bail, and the matter has been kept before the public, and been the cause of much excited talk. It is not understood that the Mayor is guilty of an act for which a Court will convict him; but, like poor Tray, he he was found in bad company when a fight was pending, and the hubbub about the arrest and the charges about the Governor gives unusual prominence to the Young Democracy of that City who have been playing the role of reformers. They are made particularly strong by these circumstances—so strong as to develop a disposition to "bore the host" and to provoke antagonisms which threaten to shake their influence and to make further trouble on the Democratic family, all of which makes an opportunity for the Republicans which they ought to be able to improve. "When rogues fall out honest men get their dues," and new combinations become possible.

In Virginia the battle against Mahone has taken a bigger basis to work upon. On the surface it looks as if so many combinations and such earnest work could not fail of its objects, but it is by no means certain that the coalition can be broken down. The fact is that Mahone has got the *argument* on his side, and whatever may be the individual prejudice against him as a political boss, he has been a real friend to his race and reforms are so broad and deep and of such practical utility to the State that many of them have been openly accepted by the Bourbons and become the policy of all parties. The thing that most embarrasses the Coalitionists is the action of the Straight Republicans, who have been induced to hold a State Convention and to act in the interest of the Old Dominion. They propose to put third candidates in the field for the Legislature all over the State, and as they have adopted a resolut on in favor of Mr. Blaine for President, great reliance is placed on the movement for calling Republicans away from the coalition; and it is feared that the effect will be to give the State to the Bourbons. But if a political party has claims on the people in proportion to what has done for them, the coalition has nothing to fear. Certainly no party in any State has so much to show for the brief term that it has held power as this anti-Bourbon party. It has settled all questions in regard to the State debt on such a basis as commands the acceptance of the party that is warring against it; its action in reference to the education of the negros places them on the same footing as the whites and has given a great impetus to the work of education in all parts of the State, while it has also secured the approval of the opposing party; its course in regard to the protection of Virginia interests by means of the Tariff is substantially indorsed by the State Convention of the old Democrats; it has cut down the taxes from $1 on the hundred to 80 cents; it has, at the same time, so materially reduced the expenses of the State government as to have a surplus in the Treasury; it has paid off an inconvenient debt to the Literary Fund bearing high interest incurred by Democratic mismanagement; it has paid back to the school fund nearly one-half of the million of dollars which the Democrats abstracted from it and has doubled the number of schools in the State; it has put the charitable institutions of the State on a better footing and freed them from burdensome debts; it has abolished that relic of barbarism, the whipping-post: it has appropriated $100,000 for the establishment of a National school to educate colored teachers; it has ceased to exalt itself on account of its faithfulness to the rebellion, and has put itself in harmony with the Federal Government; it has honestly and fairly defended and maintained the rights of the colored citizens, including the right to vote and hold office; it has removed the tax which Democracy placed on the ballot for the very purpose of preventing the casting of about 100,000 colored votes which they could not control, and it has elected to Congress a majority of delegates opposed to the old Democracy and has added two Senators to give the casting vote against it in the Senate. Such a record speaks for itself and ought to command votes. The argument is surely with the Coalitionists and they have begun their campaign early and earnestly. There are 30 or 40 speakers already in the field and they will keep things lively until the election is over.

So much for things near by. But there is also a favorable echo from States further away. I notice that the New York *Tribune* began a leading article yesterday in relation to Ohio as follows: "It will be Gov. Foraker, and that by a good round majority. The campaign in Ohio has not really opened, and yet the Democratic party is in a state of demoralization, with the election six weeks off. Disaster has followed another, most of them being due to the political silliness of Judge Hoadly." The Democratic candidate belongs to a class of men reputed to have good ability, but who have not honesty enough to make their ability available for any good practical purpose. Hoadly's operations in Oregon, when he got power Grant to pay his disgraceful debt in attempting to steal the electoral vote of the State for Tilden, shows him to be utterly without patriotism, without honesty, and without any earnest purpose in favor of right-doing. The country will certainly take him at his word when he said that his nomination had cost him too much.

The death of Judge Black called out a variety of comments on his character, and especially on the character of his influence as a member of Buchanan's Cabinet. The BLADE expresses the view which has generally been entertained by men loyal to the best interests of the country, but I notice that there is a tender feeling toward him in this City, and that many are disposed to regard him in a more favorable light. It is said that it was his influence which called Stanton into the Cabinet.

One of the effects of our cool Summer in Washington will be more far reaching than the public have thought. It is said here that oysters have kept fat through all the season and are in such good condition now that when the first of the R months arrive, we shall be able to send the bivalves to Ohio and other distant States exceptionally plump and delicious.

The late Montgomery Blair left a property of about $75,000, which goes to his widow. The Blairs were all Republicans during the war, but as soon as they ceased to be fed at the public crib they went back to the old party.

The telegraph strike has left its adherents in Washington much worse off than they would have been had they remained in the service of the company. At the last pay day of the Brotherhood the funds were exhausted, and the unfortunates ones who were not able to get back to their old places found themselves in an unpleasant dilemma. When the strike began the Brotherhood had 70 names on its pay roll. The number is now reduced to about 40.

The report of the Hill Investigation Committee is to be completed and submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury next week so that its conclusions are is kept from the public.

Sec. Teller says the "Indians ought not to be supported as paupers, but that they must accept civilization and become producers among men or disappear as a race." If they accept civilization they will in time disappear as a race, but if it is to be hoped that they will cease to be marauders, robbers and murderers. It is time that an end be put to their present status.

Washington has had a short term of drought, but it is again visited with timely rains and the fields and hills around are fresh and green. The season of heat has been exceptionally pleasant and agreeable.

BUCKEYE.

VAN ZANDT COUNTY, TEXAS.

A Description of Its Land, Climate, Resources, Etc.—No. 2.

TIMBER AND WATER.

About one-half of the northern part of the County is woodland. The principal timber is oak, of which there are at least five varieties—post oak, the most abundant, black, pin, red, and "black jack" hickory, white and black pecan, black walnut, white ash, black cherry, elm, cedar, mulberry, etc., with an undergrowth indicating a fertility of soil. The northern portion evidently is within the range of the famous "Cross Timbers." The timbered and prairie portions are so situated that wood for fuel is reasonably convenient to nearly every household—no locality may be considered as treeless.

On the prairies, ponds and "tanks" are easily made by damming the "draken" or watercourses, that will furnish water sufficient for stock all the year round. Artificial fish-ponds, made in a similar manner, are quite common in the County, and the introduction of German carp, etc., has well rewarded the labors of the careful and diligent pisciculturist. Along the Sabine River are many small lakes, some of them of unknown depth, being formed by springs. The branches or outlets empty into the turbid waters of that river. Though wells are not often found, water for household purposes is obtained at little expense from cisterns, the underearth being of such a nature, firm and almost impervious to water, as not to require walling before cement is applied.

MINERALS.

Coal and lead have been found in various parts of the County in considerable quantities near the surface of the earth, but beyond this we have no data on this subject, as no mines have yet been developed. The mineralogical survey of the State has not been fully made.

Everywhere in the County is found the presence of salt (salt-licks) and slight traces of soda (alkali). This salt and soda ingredient is more and more pronounced as we proceed westward, until beyond the Pecos River it permeates, underlies, and overlaps vast tracts of land.

"THE GRAND SALINE."

In the northeast part of the County is a famous salt spring, overflowing several thousand acres in a salt prairie. The capacity of this saline is almost boundless. During "the late unpleasantness" the whole population of the trans-Mississippi country south, including the army of the Confederacy in that department, were supplied with salt from this source. S. Q. Richardson, esq., the proprietor, recently leased the entire works to a New York firm for the small sum of $6,000 per annum. Requisite capital, directed by skill and energy, would soon insure an immense fortune in this business. A. C. RUSSELL.

Old Soldiers in Tennessee.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

BYRDTOWN, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1883.

In answer to a letter from Marion, Ills., in regard to the troubles that pensioners are receiving, I will briefly state some of the many inconveniences that the claimant in this section has to undergo. In the first place, the boys who were true to the glorious old flag of Freedom, had to hide in the mountains and caves until they found an opening to reach some Union recruiting camp, which was reached by traveling in the night by unfrequented ways through the mountains, leaving family and friends behind. After our return home those who were disabled made an honorable effort to draw a small pension from the Government by way of a hard earned pension. In the first place the soldiers here in common with those elsewhere has his enemies who have ever been very busy, prompted by a political enmity reporting and getting up petitions that this soldier's and that soldier's claims for pension are fraudulent. There are some exceptions to this. As a general thing the better part of the old rebels and those generally who were soldiers are very liberal in their sentiments toward the Union soldier. It is the scum of the old party who floated in the rear of the army who are making this terible ado in our section. We hope that Uncle Sam will not forget the boys who sacrificed so much and stood true at the time that tried mens' souls, and we do most sincerely hope that Uncle Sam will make some special provision, such as the sending of a Special Commission to our section to investigate this matter, as we generally learn that we are reported, but are unable to learn how or by whom reported. They do their work and keep in the dark.

Hoping that this may be observed by some brother soldiers, who will be kind enough to drop us a line in the good old BLADE, how the boys in blue are getting along in their section of country. The old soldiers in this country are all very anxious for the election of Foraker in Ohio, as your next Governor, and Blaine as our next President.

J. B. HUDDLESTON,
Co. C, 1st Tenn. M'td Inft.
W. H. REAGAN,
Co. G, 9th Tenn. Cav.

Dallas County, Iowa.

REDFIELD, Aug. 24, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have received two letters of late asking me to answer some questions concerning this Town and the Western part of this County, and one of the inquirers requested me to answer him through the columns of the BLADE.

Redfield is 35 miles west of Des Moines, on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway, situated at the intersection of the Middle and South Raccoon Rivers, forming a water power in the western and southern part of the Town of unlimited capacity. There are two grist and one saw mills now in operation with power from this rivers. A large tile and brick factory is in operation with a capacity of 10,000 to 15,000 brick and the same proportion of all sizes of tile per day, and now employing a force of 12 to 15 men. There are from six to 10 coal banks and shafts in operation here. Wood is unlimited and the best quality of building stone abounds in the bluffs along the river. The population of the Town is between 500 and 600. There is but very little wild land for sale in this and the Western part of this County. Timber land ranges in price from $10 to $22 per acre. Improved farms are selling at from $20 to $50 per acre, according to grade and location. Raw prairie in the northwestern part of the County can be bought from $8 to $20 per acre. The quality of the soil is a rich black loam on the prairie and a clay loam near the rivers. Corn and stock are the principal shipments here, but all kinds of grain are yielding unusually well this year.

The County supports nine weekly newspapers—one being printed at this place. The people of this Town and vicinity are principally from Indiana, and the farming population are well to do and prospering, and any one contemplating a change from Ohio to Iowa, either for good land, good coal, good timber, unlimited water power for all kinds of factories and machine shops and mill powers cannot find a location in Iowa (and I do not fear contradiction when I say in Iowa) better than can be found surrounding this Town. R.

Southern Illinois.

MARION, Williamson Co., Ill., Aug. 20.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have been blest again this year with abundant crops of oats, hay, wheat and clover; wheat not so good as last year, averaging from 10 to 15 bushels per acre; prospect for corn, potatos, apples, peaches and all kinds of fruit never better. Harvest is all over. We are plowing for wheat and cutting our second and third crops of clover for seed. There is no better wheat and clover country on the globe than this County. Our clover seed brings a better price in Chicago and St. Louis than any shipped there.

Our County is right on the dividing ridge between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, 65 miles northeast of Cairo and 45 miles east and west of each river, and is one of the highest points in Southern Illinois, and it is a mystery to me why so many go West to buy land when they can buy good, improved farms in this and adjoining Counties for from $10 to $25 per acre.

We have just organized a G. A. R. Post in this place, and are all for the BLADE and Gen. John A. Logan for President.

A. F. WHITE.

Texas Cotton.

WILLS POINT, Tex., Aug. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Up to the 3d inst. cotton suffered in this locality from a continued drought. Cotton worms have not appeared in this section. The yield will be from ¾ to ⅞ bale per acre. The bolls are opening finely. Early corn is made, and is a fair crop. Late corn is a total failure. Fruit and vegetables scarce. Stock is in a good condition. East of the Trinity River, there is more than an average amount of sickness.

A. C. RUSSELL.

Northern Missouri.

Clarke County, Aug. 18, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

To the inquirer I would say, in regard to prices land, that land sells at from $20 to $35 per acre; soil very good, black loam, producing good vegetables, corn (except last two seasons), oats rye and some wheat. A moderate season is very good for weak lungs, but thit season was not. Therefore I would not advise anybody to settle here. The best way is visit before settling. I would say to the inquirer that Kansas or Nebraska is far superior to this.

FARMER BOY.

Dangerous.

Physicians say that ginger ale is a poor substitute for water, because the capsicum it contains irritates the lining of the stomach and produces dangerous inflammation.

Short-Hand Writing.

Everybody, male and female, desiring to acquire the valuable art of short hand writing will address a postal card to Lee & Shepard, 47 Franklin street, Boston, Mass. Particulars will be sent gratis, showing how the art can be acquired at home without a teacher, in a very short time. Short-hand writers are in great demand. Particulars sent free on application.

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send 10c. to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 Monroe street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

Miscellany.

SCOTCH FISHWIVES.

A Race of Picturesque, Industrious and Thrifty Women.

September Atlantic.

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big, long-sleeved cloaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the married women with white caps, standing up stiff and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, one above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather strap passing round their foreheads, they pull along at a steady, striding gait, up hill and down, carrying weights that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immoral habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folks are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them,—a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, so I stopped three fishwives one day, and, without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young woman laughed saucily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all the money.

"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfish; "it's a' spent i' the hoos. The men, they cam home an' tak their sleep, an' then they'll be aff agen."

"It 'ud never do for the husbands to stoop in tha City and be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with severe emphasis.

Whoever would see the Newhaven fishwives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by 7 o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself; skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick, hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women,—an army in blue, 200, 300, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had an affection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her. A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could not have done less. Such fire, such honesty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all sides.

A DUDE CUFFED.

Social Right of Women Holding Babies to Be Seated in Cars.

New York Herald, Aug. 20.

A disturbance occurred yesterday afternoon on one of the trains from Rockaway Beach to the city over the New York and Rockaway Railroad. The train was crowded, and all the seats were occupied. In one of the cars stood two females, one of whom, who was rather delicate in appearance, carried a child in her arms. Near to them stood an elderly man, tall, erect of carriage, and with white hair and beard. He was evidently concerned over the fact that a woman, who seemed in delicate health, should be compelled to stand with a heavy child in her arms while many men occupied seats around her. As a jolt of the car precipitated the ladies violently forward, and almost caused the one with the child to lose her balance, the old gentleman could evidently stand it no longer. He advanced to a seat close to the ladies, in which were comfortably ensconced four young dudes.

"Gentlemen," he said, with every outward show of courtesy, but with a slight inflection of contempt in his voice, "permit me to call your attention to the fact that there are two ladies standing here who have been unable to find seats. One of these ladies is embarrassed with a child."

The young men, who were of the "nobby" dressed, self-sufficient type of city youth, stared insolently at the speaker.

"We've paid our fare," answered one of the young men in a saffron necktie, "and we're entitled to seats."

"If you make that a point," said the old gentleman, "sooner than see these ladies stand I will refund you your fares in return for the two seats."

"We don't want your money," retorted the young man who had spoken before, insolently. "We just want to stay where we are."

The old man flushed angrily. "I come from the South," he said, "and if there a man were to act as you do under these circumstances we should look upon him as a cur and pitch him out of the window."

"Do you call me a cur?" screamed the young fellow, springing to his feet.

"Do you refuse to relinquish your seat?"

"Yes; and do you call me a cur?"

"I consider you to be far lower than a cur."

As the old gentleman uttered these words the young fellow made a threatening motion, but the old man was too quick for him. He drew back his right hand and administered a stinging slap on the cheek. Instantly he executed a similar manuvre with his left hand. The smacks rang out loud and clear above the rumbling noise of the train. The young man was staggered, and his companions sprang up to assist him. Other passengers, however, whose attention had been attracted by the quarrel, sprang to the old gentleman's side and prevented any further violence. The ladies, to whom attention had been attracted by the old gentleman's interference in their behalf, had, unnoticed by him, been provided with seats by fellow passengers a few seconds before the quarrel culminated in the warming of the whippersnapper's ears.

A THRILLING SNAKE STORY.

The Battle of the Water Dog and the Moccasin—A Contest to the Death.

Louisville Commercial.

"The water moccasin is deed," said Lucien Alexander, the well-known drug gist and snake-fancier. "It died yester day, and I wouldn't have taken the whole Tenth Ward, with the school trusteeship thrown in for it."

"What killed it?" asked the reporter to whom Lucien was pouring out his grief.

"He was scalded to death. I had the moccasin and a water dog in the same jar together, but somehow or other they couldn't get along with each other. They were continually fighting over the food I gave them, and yesterday they concluded to settle their differences forever. They sparred around in the water for awhile, neither one seeming to have the advantage, but finally the water-dog executed a flank movement on the moccasin and swallowed about three inches of his tail and body. Instead of the moccasin trying to free himself he lay perfectly quiet and commenced pumping himself full of wind like a bellows. As he swelled up the water-dog backed off, but it was too late. It was like pulling a boot off a swollen foot. The moccasin kept on pumping, and the water-dog continued to expand. As he spread out you could hear his ribs crack, and I expected every moment to see him fly into a thousand pieces, but suddenly the swelling ceased, for the moccasin had gone the full length of his expansive powers and had commenced to contract. Reduced to his ordinary size, the water-dog lost no time in slipping off, but he was so weak from the terrible strain he had received that for a moment or two he was powerless. The moccasin took advantage of this, and, turning on the dog, swallowed him whole. Then followed one of the most remarkable occurrences ever witnessed. The dog, evidently scared almost to death, began galloping back and forth the full length of the moccasin. By the waving ridges on the snake every movement of the dog could be told. Back and forth he went until the friction inside the snake must have been terrible, for the water began to get warm from the heat of the moccasin's body. Every time the dog would gallop toward the head of the snake, the snake would close its mouth, causing the dog to turn and run away. This performance was kept up for fully an hour, during which time the water grew boiling hot, and the whole skin peeled off the snake. The flesh grew soft, and the first thing I knew he went all to pieces like a chunk of soft soap in a wash-basin. The dog soon shook off the remnants of the snake which adhered to him, but he, like the moccasin, was scalded to death also. You see that grease on the top of that jar of water? Well, that's all that's left of my moccasin and water dog."

Slandering a Dead Man.

New York Herald.

The public—the decent part of it—has now heard about as much as it cares to hear from various sources about the late Gen. Garfield's broken promises. It wants some proofs. Mr. Dorsey and several anonymous slanderers have asserted that Gen. Garfield—

Offered Dorsey the Secretaryship of the Interior;

Promised Mr. Levi P. Morton the Secretaryship of the Treasury;

Agreed to let Mr. Conkling control the patronage of this State;

Agreed to renominate Mr. Stanley Matthews to the Supreme Court.

All this has been repeated over and over again, but not a scintilla of evidence has been offered to prove any one of these assertions.

Gen. Garfield is dead and cannot defend himself. But his acts are evidence—strong evidence—against these disgraceful assertions.

Gen. Garfield did not in fact make Mr. Dorsey Secretary of the Interior; he did not make Mr. Morton Secretary of the Treasury; he did not give the control of patronage in this State to Mr. Conkling. As to his nomination of Mr. Matthews, he knew Mr. Matthews to be a very able lawyer, one of the ablest who pleaded before the Electoral Commission, and a candidate for the Senate whom both Mr. John Sherman and Gov. Foster, Garfield's friends, wanted to get out of their way.

There is therefore nothing—absolutely nothing—in Gen. Garfield's acts as President which give the least color to these assertions against a man now dead and unable to defend himself, and for whom those who pretended to be his friends while he was alive and in power are making a very feeble defense. It seems to us that honorable men have a right to regard these accusations of Garfield as infamous. If any one has proofs to offer of their truth he had better do it quickly. But if there was the least proof it would have been produced long ago.

A Circuit Broken.

New York Sun.

An Italian organ-grinder was rendering "The Little Widow Dunn" yesterday in the shade of a telegraph pole in South Fifth avenue. The anthropoid that was attending to the finances of the combination broke his string by climbing once too many times around the lower part of the telegraph pole, and thus released, he ascended to one of the cross bars. The musician, thinking that the monkey was not attending to business, gave the string a jerk without looking around or stopping the music. The resistance told him that something was the matter. He glanced around, saw that the string was fastened to the telegraph pole, and that his collector had absconded, and asked in a troubled voice:

"Whera him monka gona?"

Then he saw the children looking toward the top of the pole and glanced upward. Taking off his hat and swinging it he addressed the monkey in vigorous Italian.

The monkey looked down upon him loftily, and the rotary musician picked up an empty tomato can and flourished it in a threatening manner. The monkey retired to the top cross bar, and, apparently to insure himself against being knocked from his perch, grasped a telegraph wire on one side of him, and then carefully reached out with his other arm and caught hold of another wire. Suddenly he seemed to lose interest in the movements of his master, and looked curiously, first at one hand and then at the other. Then he let go the wires and began a minute inspection of the palms of his hands. Having satisfied himself that nothing was the matter with them, he took hold of the wires again and glanced down at his master. Then he let go again, inspected his palms once more, looked around him in a suspecting way and carefully let himself down with his tail from cross-bar to cross bar, till he could descend the pole. This he did headforemost, and with a look that indicated that he thought it better to fly to ills of which he knew than to endure those the nature of which was a puzzle to him.

The Latest Mermaid Story.

New York World.

A mermaid has been seen off the New Hampshire coast, near Newcastle. She or it appeared three times, on the crest of high waves, to the intense astonishment of some startled residents. A southeast gale was blowing, and the surf was unusually strong, but the sportive creature seemed perfectly at ease. The spectators aver that its head was crowned with beautiful hair of an abnormal length and thickness, that it had a comely face and long arms. Before disappearing it threw a kiss to the crowd. The latter action shows that even in a mermaid the innate coquetry of the sex is implanted. We cannot attribute this vision to the influence of the potent apple-jack, for the failure of the apple crop has made that beverage extremely scarce and high-priced. Yet, when there is a chance of securing a few boarders, the residents permit their imaginations to run riot. Given a figure-head loosened from some wreck, and bobbing in the surf, and the result would be an attractive, fully developed mermaid.

Cutting Cable.

New York World.

Nothing is so gratifying to an artist as to have the truth of his portraits recognized by the sisters, and Mr. George W. Cable, the New Orleans novelist and accurate delineator of creole life, has the satisfaction of knowing that the creoles of New Orleans know a portrait when they see it. So just is their appreciation of his pictures that they refuse to associate with him, and it is said that the recent attempt to put him up for election at a club was considered an insult. If they were a little bit more farsighted they would take the opposite course. Mr. Cable may write some more books.

$115 Organ for Only $57—Why this Great Reduction is Given.

It has recently come to our notice that many of our readers are buying Beatty's Organs as an investment. After using them for several years they are selling them at a profit more than the original cost. The limited time offers that are being made by Mayor Beatty, the great organ builder, of Washington, N. J., to the public, are given in order, we understand, to have certain new styles introduced. The price being so low, it leaves no profit to the manufacturer on the first sale, but further sales at the regular prices pay Mr. Beatty in the end. We understand that the demand for his Parlor Organs and Cabinet Organs, now selling at $57.00, are selling instruments during the coming fall and Winter months will be so great that he will be unable to make any more limited time offers until next Summer. Read his advertisement in another column, and order immediately.—Adv.

A Royal Food Preservative.—Tribune.

"REX MAGNUS,"

(THE MIGHTY KING)

What it is and what it does.

IT IS THE

HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE,

and, as its name signifies, is a Mighty King, an invincible conqueror. It is safe, tasteless, pure and harmless. Its special field of usefulness is in the preservation of food, such as fish, meats, oysters, cream, etc., either in large or small quantities—AND IT DOES IT.

Stubborn and Incontestible Truths.

Cream, oysters, meats, etc., preserved by this method may be carried across the continent, or shipped to Europe, retaining their freshness and purity without the use of ice or any refrigerating appliance; or they may be kept at home for days and weeks even in the hottest weather, improving in taste, besides saving much time and expense in the cost of ice and trouble in going to market.

A 35 Days Test, in a Temperature Averaging 70°.

Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, the well-known chemist, and for more than 25 years identified with the Scientific Department of Yale College, furnishes the following report concerning Rex Magnus:

"My tests of 35 days in daily mean temperature of 70°, on meats, &c., bought in open market, have certainly been severe, and I am satisfied that the different brands of Rex Magnus, the Humiston Food Preservative, with which I have experimented, have accomplished all claimed for them. So far as I have yet learned, they are the only preparations that are effective, and at the same time practicable for domestic use. At the banquet on 'treated' meats at the New Haven House I could not distinguish between those which had been sixteen days in my laboratory and those newly taken from the refrigerator of the hotel. The oysters were perfectly palatable and fresh to my taste, and better, as it happened, than those served at the same time, which were recently taken from the shell. The roast beef, pork, chicken, turkey and quail, were all as good as I have ever eaten."

Rex Magnus is safe, tasteless, pure, and Prof. Johnson adds in his report, "I should anticipate no ill results from its use and consider it no more harmful than common salt."

Thousands of Trials.

Such a test, and it is but one of many which have been made, ought to satisfy the most exacting skeptic. Ample corroborative testimony can be furnished.

Rex Magnus is a perfect and reliable substitute for ice, heat, sugar, salt or alcohol, in preserving food, which retains its natural flavor and sweetness, in all seasons and climates, after having been treated with this "Rex."

Destroys Germs of Disease.

REX MAGNUS opposes and prevents putrefaction by the utter destruction or killing at bay of those parasite that prey upon organic matter. In the same manner it destroys all germs of disease, thus rendering the food wholesome and healthful.

It is safe, tasteless, pure, harmless.

The different brands of Rex Magnus are, "Viandine," for preserving meats, poultry and game, 50 cts. per lb.; "Ocean Wave," for preserving oysters, lobsters, &c., 50 cts. per lb.; "Pearl," for preserving cream, $1.00 per lb.; "Snow Flake," for preserving milk, cheese, butter, &c., 50 cts. per lb.; "Aqueth," for preserving eggs, $1.00 per lb.; "Aqua Vitae," for keeping fluid extracts, $1.00 per lb.; "Anti-Ferment," "Anti-Fly," and "Anti-Mold," are special preparations, whose names explain their uses, each 50 cts. per lb.

Do not confound this with the worthless compounds which have preceded it. This succeeds where all others have failed.

How to Get It.

You do not have to buy a costly recipe nor county right. We sell neither one nor the other.

If your grocer, druggist or general storekeeper does not have it in stock, we will send you a sample pound package, of any brand ordered, prepaid, by mail or express, as we prefer, upon receipt of price. Name your express office. Mention this paper.

Rex Magnus is cheap, simple in its use, a child can use it, unfailing in its effects and healthful. Try it and you will say so too.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO.,
72 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

For Sale in Chicago by Sprague, Warner & Co., wholesale grocers. Van Schaack, Stevenson & Co., wholesale druggists.

For the Blade.

DIMOKRATIK SONG UV VICTRY.

BY RICHARD HARDSHELL, SCHULEMASTER,

I long to see the seesun cum
When Dimokratik leaders
Shal find in Washington a home,
An live as public feeders.

No more the lan wil mourn its faults,
Or hord its silver treasure,
Dimocrasy will find its vaults,
An spend its cash at pleasure.

Then wont the Korners make a sho,
When Bascom tels the story?
Down licker tarifs al will go
Before the flag uv glory.

Free monny, an free licker then,
Too glorious institutions,
We will insert, and carry them
Into ower Constitutions.

Then shal ower pore confederit men
Each draw a loyal pension,
An al ower bonds cum home again,
(But this plese do not mention.)

Then wil ower brethren al agre
Too pay us fur ower niggers;
T'will strengthen Union ties you see,
As this grate lan grows bigger.

Wun people then, wun aim, wun hart,
Shal ever animate us;
No trecherous hans shal tear apart
That Union that awates us.

Oscar Wilde.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Oscar Wilde is the most peculiar looking object since his hair has been cut off that I have ever seen. I thought the same of him when his hair was long, but his appearance now is vastly more outlandish than when his curling locks fell over his face, ears, neck and back. Wilde has a large and bony face. His forehead and chin are abnormally oversized and his face is red and seems somewhat swollen. When it was backed by an immense shock of hair trained artistically down over the forehead and around the wing-like ears a considerable portion of the face was concealed from view. The more Mr. Wilde concealed his face the more beautiful he became. Now that he has cut his hair and his face stands out in bold relief, one cannot rid himself of the impression on looking at him that his face is a separate part of his head and is stuck on to the hair. The esthete comes under his true colors this time—to make money by the production of his play at the Union Square Theater and so he deserves the same consideration that any other short haired man on a similar errand should receive.

At Their Old Tricks.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

The South is in position to dictate terms to the Democratic party, and it begins to look as though she will be there at roll-call. There will be a great deal of sport of one kind and another in the convention of 1884.

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD. Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!

Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequaled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp, removing **Dandruff**, and arrests the fall; the hair, if gray, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

"One Bottle did it." That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

PARLOR ORGANS | **25 STOPS** | **ONLY $57.00**

INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC. Or if order is given and remittance made within seven days from date of this newspaper, a further reduction of $4.00 will be given. I desire this Cabinet Parlor Organ introduced without delay, hence this GREAT REDUCTION, IN ORDER TO HAVE IT INTRODUCED QUICKLY.

Regular Price, $115.00.

If you are in want of an Organ, order as once from this advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now write your reasons why. Remember this offer cannot be continued after the limited time of thirty days has expired, as the AUTUMN AND WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price. Read the following brief description, and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

25 USEFUL STOPS, AS FOLLOWS:

1. VOIX CELESTE.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced from this Stop are beyond description or praise. 2. POWERFUL SUB-BASS.—New and Original. The thundering tones produced from this Stop are without a parallel in Organ building. 3. DOUBLE OCTAVE COUPLER.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples octaves right and left. 4. PICCOLO.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive Stop to build in the world. 5. SAXAPHONE.—The beautiful effect of this Stop is "beauty's favorite." It is very excellent and adds greatly to this wonderful Organ. 6. FRENCH HORN.—A Stop which imitates a full orchestra and brass band. 7. DIAPASON.—Draws a full set of tuneful Golden Reeds. 8. DULCIANA.—A full set of Reeds used in ordinary Organs is drawn by this Stop. 9. VOX HUMANA.—Tremulant, which, by the aid of a FAN WHEEL, imitates the human voice. 10 VOX JUBILANTE.—This Stop, when used in conjunction with Stops Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, pours forth most delightful music. 11—Xolian. 12—Clarionet. 13—Celio. 14—Violina. 15—Clarabella. 16—Grand Expressione. 17—Melodia. 18—Bourdon. 19—Viol di Gamba. 20—Viola Dolce. 21—Grand Expression. 22—Harp Xolian. 23—Echo. 24—Aeostatic Expression Indicator. 25—Grand Organ. The last fifteen Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten, bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Its TONE IS MATCHLESS, while using the full Organ would be heard to be appreciated. Height, 79 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches. Organ could be heard to be appreciated. Height, 79 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches. Organ could be heard to be appreciated. Height, 79 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches. Organ could be heard to be appreciated. Height, 79 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.

IF This original Cabinet Organ contains NINE (9) SETS GOLDEN TONGUED REEDS, as follows—1st, Five (5) Octave Set Diapason Reeds; 2d, Five (5) Full Octave Powerful Dulciana Reeds; 3d, Sweet Voix Celeste Reeds of three full Octaves; 4th, One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds; 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxaphone Reeds combined; 6th, Set Soft Cello Reeds; 7th, Set Violina Reeds; 8th, Set Dulciana Reeds; 9th, Set Clarionet Reeds. The above Nine Sets of Reeds are original, and are covered by United States Patents.

IF This PIANOFORTE UPRIGHT PARLOR OR CABINET ORGAN contains Five Full Octaves, One Manual or Keyboard, Handsome Walnut Case, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows, Immense Power, Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Hand Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the knee, without removing the hands from the keyboard. IF $115.00 ORGANS FOR ONLY $57.00.

In order to introduce the above POPULAR PIANO AND UPRIGHT ORGAN without delay, I offer it for the next 30 days, providing Order is accepted and order given within Thirty (30) Days from date of this paper. IF CLIP THIS NOTICE AND MAIL IT TO-DAY. IF Mention this paper every time you write from date of this paper.

This Notice if sent by any reader of the BLADE to DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., together with only $57.00 CASH, by P. O. Money Order,

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XL.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

This series of familiar talks upon a subject which interests many and is a matter of moment to all is now about to close. They have been exceedingly pleasant to me, and if good has been accomplished, the labor bestowed upon them is amply paid for. I have experienced the ills that ignorance and carelessness in these things bring, and that by following out the rules, I have been given health, and what that gives. The strength and ambition to do my work in the world is once more mine. The memory of past suffering is still vivid enough to make me long, with an intense longing, to help other women. This feeling has animated me throughout the preparation of these papers, and if the earnest letters I have received are any indication, some women have recognized the sincerity of purpose which has animated me, and their good sense has led them to make the effort to derive practical benefit from the suggestions.

This week I will answer a few of the questions which have been asked, and in the future others will receive attention. The following is one letter:

Miss Emily S. Bouton:

Your articles on "Health and Beauty" have been of interest, and profitable to many. I have wanted however, to ask some questions, and, thinking that the answers might be useful to others besides myself, I have ventured to intrude. What will remove moth from the face and neck? What is the cause of it? I used to be fair, have dark hair and dark blue eyes. Before the birth of my oldest child, now nearly 11 years of age, the moth made its first appearance on my forehead and remained till sickness caused all the outer skin to peel off, some seven years after its first appearance; then before the birth of my second child, now three years old, it came on again worse than before and is extending down on my neck, making it look dirty, and I, a woman of 40, am so swarthy and black. I don't want to be skinned again to get rid of it, but would be glad if it could be removed. I am in good health and not exposed especially to wind or sun and do none of the forbidden things. Pardon so long and personal a letter. I have been particular that you might be able to form a correct diagnosis.

S. T. H.

The immediate cause is of course the non-assimilation of the color particles of the blood, but what brings bout that condition of things it is impossible to tell. I have never yet heard a physician who was able to determine the cause of what troubles so many women, although they may have theories. It is also something extremely difficult to get rid of. Sometimes a radical change in the body brought about by sickness, or a removal into an entirely different climate will produce the desired effect, if in all other respects a person is in good health, as you say you are.

I would advise you to make an *external* application to the discoloration of the following.

Two drams of hydrate of chloral and two drams of gum camphor. Have the druggist thoroly mix them for you, as you would find a difficulty in doing it. Apply this with a camel's hair brush every night before going to bed.

I do not say that this is *sure* to cure you, for I do not know as it will, but some obstinate cases have yielded to it, and it is therefore worth trying, especially as it is an external application and cannot harm you. Be sure to keep your digestion in good order while using it, and persevere until you absolutely know that it is producing no good effects.

In the hot milk bath is the milk to be its natural heat, or heated by the fire? When one is warm and the face is covered with perspiration, should it be bathed, and if so, with cold or warm water?

Heat it by the fire unless you can use it while still warm from the cow. The face should never be bathed when heated, whether perspiring or not. Wipe it off with a soft linen cloth, then sit down out of a draft and let it cool off gradually before you apply water. Above all things do not use *cold* water under such circumstances. It is exceedingly injurious to the skin being sure to coarsen and roughen it. When you have been out in the hot sun any considerable length of time, and are likely to be burned, follow the same rule and the effect of the burn will be much less and wear off sooner. An application of sweet cream, as I have said before, is also very healing after the face is cooled off.

Some one writes to know what will take off moles. The writer says she has seen many advertisements of remedies but is afraid to try them lest they make a bad matter worse. She is wise, for moles are often dangerous things to meddle with unless you know just what you are using and some of these nostrums are very powerful. I want to say again just what I have said before repeatedly, do not use *anything* medicinally that you know nothing about, unless it be recommended by some one in whom you have reason to place confidence.

The same remedy as that given above for skin discoloration, and applied in the same way, will frequently remove moles, or at least check their growth.

Another letter says:

Please inform me how lime water is prepared, and in what quantity it should be taken to preserve the sweetness of the breath.—M. W., Wheatland, Iowa.

Put one ounce of lime into two pints of river or rain water,—it makes no difference which only that it is clear and soft. Let it stand until the lime is dissolved, then bottle it up and keep it well stoppered, as exposure to the air causes carbonic acid gas to be absorbed, and an insoluble carbonate of lime is formed, which, of course, renders the water of no further use. If you have no closely stoppered bottles, put in more lime, so that there will be some remaining undissolved after the ounce is saturated and that will prevent the absorption of the gas.

As to the quantity necessary, as a general rule, take a half of an ordinary wineglassful or two tablespoonfuls three times a day after meals.

Lessons in Music—No. 5.

BY RICHMOND.

The staccato touch is made by the hands being raised from the wrist and the notes struck with force, short and quick. Five finger exercises, so often mentioned in these articles, are music written within a compass of five notes, and to play which, there is no change in the position of the hands. There are exercises of this kind to be played without moving the hands, by changing the fingers upon one key, tremioled. Play in slow time until used to the movement. In the scale of C, it will be observed that intermediate tones, the black keys lie between each number of the scale, except between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8.

This is the established rule of intervals in the major scales. On any other letter than C the rule of intervals would be incorrect without the black keys. Try to connect chords, runs and the trill in the simple melodies, rendering them entirely *ad libitum*, like bits of gay musical ribbon floating gracefully from the melody to which they are attached, letting the fingers make the connection involuntarily. This innovation may seem discordant and disconnected, but the power to fill in will develop with practice, and the melodies can be extended and interwoven with more difficult chords of transition belonging to the scales. For the purpose of extemporizing, and indeed for all music, if the student has talent, the work is easier; still it can be successfully practiced by any one who has attained a moderate degree of proficiency. It is especially recommened as a means of keeping up the interest and making the study fascinating. After a little practice it will be found comparatively easy to extemporize transcriptions on any melody, fantasias from the operas, etc., combining them with scale practices; broken octaves will be found especially effective in making a simple *aria* quite a brilliant performance. Master all mechanical difficulties. The woe-begone, much sneered at hand-organ is a model of mechanical precision, for there are no hurried over notes, no omissions, no inaccuracies (unless the monkey grows clamorous). Yet it is lifeless, because devoid of expression. Do not play monotonously; expression is the pulsing heart of music. Do not judge of a composition at the first hearing, much will, after repetition, be clear that at first was unnoticed. In much instrumental music there are constantly shifting harmonies with a melody running like a silver thread through the whole web, and it will take time and patient care to discover the hidden beauties. Change the hands from one position to another with as much ease as possible. In broken chords the position of the hands may be extended, moving his group from one group to another, so as to gracefully connect the tones. They may not seem difficult of execution, but care is necessary to render them properly. Chords in octaves are played with a finer touch. Do not practice too long or the wrists will be lamed before the fingers are used to the extension. A full chord is one lacking none of its tones. The act of rendering a composition *well* is an achievement requiring patient effort; the finer it is, the more artistic the interpretation must be. Music—dumb, soulless—must first be read, the gems it contains be appreciated, the sympathies must be aroused, the tones, loud, soft, trembling, pathetic or grand, must all be carefully considered before if quickness and is alive. Terms and words used in music: *Barcarola*, boat song; *brise*, broken into arpeggios; *burlesca*, comic; *bindung*, syncopation; *calando*, soft and slow; *calore*, warmth; *campanella*, a bell; *cantilerra*, a melody; *canzonetta*, an air; *cadence*, a close; *cantus fermus*, a fixed melody; *contra dansa*, a country dance.

Correspondence.

REPENTANCE.—"Black-eyed Lydia," when I read your letter published in this evening's BLADE, I was quite surprised to find that it was your future uncle that wrote for advice, and not yourself. Well, I hope he is satisfied with the result, and I can assure him of one thing and that is he received my opinion on the subject gratis, while if he had consulted a lawyer it would have cost least $25. Think of the profit! But I wasn't in the least surprised to read that you didn't want advice. I never knew a red-haired girl that did. Now don't fly to pieces and say your hair isn't red, because mine is, and I feel awful bad to have to confess it. Then to be left alone to do all the firing for the HOUSEHOLD! Well, "Lydia," I felt so queer after writing such a sober, motherly lot of advice, that I had to have a tussle with Jack to regain my usual good spirits. I had my auburn locks coiled up on top of my head in the latest style with a spear run across from bretzel to bretzel when Jack, much to my disgust, pulled my hair all down and I lost three hair pins during the operation and to be brief for them is more than I can tell. I never did write anything half so solemn before in all my life, and to think, it was all wasted, and, you'll do as you please! I never will try to advise anyone again, if all their sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles write for advice. No, sir, I'll live to be 19 years old before I'll do it again. Those 30 minutes I spent in writing that letter might better have been spent in making little red flannel shirts for the Africans or getting up fans for the Icelanders. Now I have nothing to say against your marrying "Jim" if you want to, and if he is good looking I more than give my consent. I hope you did not forget to thank "Jim's" uncle for his trouble and give him three pennies to pay for his postage stamp. Lydia, I think we might be friends if only for the similarity in our looks. I have black eyes, auburn-tinted hair and am not very large, neither am I small. I never accepted anyone's advice but my own until I began to read the chapters on Health and Beauty, and I can assure you I am growing no handsomer fast. Allow me to wish you much joy and happiness in future years, and for myself a piece of wedding cake.—BLACK-EYED FLIP, Troy City, O.

DRESS REFORM.—Women have read Schiller, Dante and Shakspere; they know all about the geological strata and different systems of metaphysics; the sources of the Nile and the precession of the equinox. There is a nearer and dearer subject, the one feminine enthusiasm ever since the first creature of fig leaves, and that is dress. The beauty of dress lies not so much in costliness of material, as it does upon simplicity and harmony. Very few women have the artistic skill to produce beautiful results in the combination of color. Dress can be made as poetical and as appropriate as is the pink blossom of a rose mingling with its own green leaves. A dress may be of a rich material or red, and yet by a judicious arrangement of trimmings be one of great elegance, because it is ornamented artistically towards a general result. A certain class of women in Paris rule the feminine world; women who live with an utter disregard of any moral or intellectual purpose. Women who have no home ties, love in its purity is unknown, their existence only a question of sensuous engagement. When the fashions are created by leaders of the *demi monde*, it is not to be supposed that the ideas emanating from such a source will be refined or express the feelings and requirements of a great Christian democracy. Some few times in France when a careful study of light and shade, colors and tints of color produced artistic dress, but the state of morals—or lack—has brought to the front cosumes in every way indelicate; the decline of moral purity is followed by the fading out of the beautiful in dress. Men sons *reproche* as to "blood," if in other ways not stainless, butter their honor. Selling themselves doesn't matter much if the tribe is gilded—and the dress, equipage and establishments of their mistresses, are on a grander scale than those furnished their wives. The Paris leaders of fashion are charming to talk to in their rose-scented *boudoirs*, where the light is veiled and a man's eyes can, where platonic as it may be, the rubber and elective affinities are the rule. Styles come from such a source to America, where it is customary to wear anything, no matter how *bizarre*—if it is Parisian! More attention should be given to richness of material and a harmonious blending of colors. A source of beauty in dress is its adaptation to the wearer, and its rejection of shams. Imitation laces, cheap silks and tinsel jewelry are having a disastrous effect upon artistic perception, and the love of showy dress and glitter has become an epidemic. The glamor is so complete that the wildest, the most absurd styles, no matter how indelicate they may be, find innumerable followers, without a thought of appropriateness, age or position. The representative women of America could hold back their country from following the footsteps of corrupt, unprincipled European society, and make their own country the leader of the world in the devising of costumes that would be really works of art, and our women would then cultivate the artistic and refined.

In every toilet there should be one foundation color which should harmonize with the bonnet, gloves, flowers and ribbons worn. By dress the attributes of the lady are expressed, partly of taste and delicate neatness. There should be a uniform idea carried all through the whole to make it really charming. When the leaders of fashion in Paris have blunted all that is sensitive in their natures, they are hardly capable of feeling the charms that comes from delicate harmonies and artistic combinations. These women of the *demi monde*, overrule by the brute force of money and luxury women who are pure and unless as a lily.

Dress should be made a graceful expression of our own National character, mode of living, and income. A woman should, in her dress and adornments, endeavor to maintain her individuality. If a few earnest women declare independence in America, it will not be long until we are emancipated from the slave and tyrannies of ballet-dancers and French actresses. Shall the Republic be saved?—16-17.

VARIOUS.—As you are all expressing your opinions about kissing, I will say what I think about it. I do not believe in kissing at all between ladies and gentlemen, except perhaps when a lady and gentleman are engaged, and then I do not see the need of it. "Diphnaida" says "kisses are sweet, provided they come from pure, sweet lips," but I cannot see that they are sweet at all. Kisses may be all right for children, but for grown people I say they are too silly.

Yes, "Desiderado," this is indeed a bitter world, and it is a cold, dreary world. Can we not make it a sweeter and fairer by our bright words and loving deeds, and cheerful hearts! These are what bring out all that is noble, and pure, and true, that you long for in those around you. As the song says:

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our paths,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

How cheerful the words and how sweet the sentiment.

"Mrs. Anna Carmean," what a cheery, helpful letter yours is. Would there were more such spirits as yours. I know you have a bright, happy home. How I should like to know you.—MARIE, Aral, Mich.

SLANG.—"Hattie T. Stead," I also have the habit of using slang, and am trying to break myself of it, and I did even better than you, as I did not use any for a whole week, but I was too sick to talk.

I wish "Dakota Girl" would write more about Dakota. I have friends there and am thinking at out going there to live. I have never been farther west than the western part of Iowa, but I did not like the country there at all.

I heartily agree with "Poor Unknown" about servants. I think if they do their duty that their work is not any more disreputable than teaching, or dressmaking, or any other position that women occupy to earn an honest living. But then people make a great deal of difference between a servant and a teacher, but I do not think it is just or right.—WALL FLOWER.

POETRY.—We have had several excellent articles on music and now I think it is about time some notice was taken of poetry. Though acknowledging the power and sublimity of music, poetry has the first place in my estimation. For years I have been a constant reader of the grand old poems which have lived for ages and still retain their grandeur. Though most are inclined to give the precedence to Shakspere, my honest opinion is that "Paradise Lost" is entitled to the first place among all poems, ancient or modern. It is true that as a reader of human nature Shakspere is far ahead, but his writings lack the pure moral tone which renders Milton so enchanting and so well calculated to elevate the minds of our youth. They are indeed unfit for boys and girls of from 10 to 15 years of age, unless they have unusually strong perceptions and the ability to see the good without noticing the bad, and as so few of them are thus endowed it will prove a serious objection to them. On the contrary, Milton is always safe and always sure to enlighten without injury to the mind. I therefore feel that my decision is just. Educate a young person to read and admire such poems as this and he will not be likely to care for the trash which is found in the average periodical and which men are pleased to call poetry. It is a fact not to be proud of that the age, with all of its advantages, has produced no poets to equal or approach these old immortals.

"Mrs. M. Ida Smith," pardon me if I have caused you to be offended, but indeed I could not resist the temptation to give undutiful wives a little "lecture" under cover of your "poem."—H. C. EMMET.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—"A. Guthrean," you have been appointed as teacher of a class, the importance of which is second to none in the school. For a number of years I have been engaged in similar Sunday school work and at present I have the whole charge of a class of little folks which numbers over 100. And I assure you the time I spend with them is one of the most pleasant hours of the week. Of course I have a room exclusively for my class. The teaching is made quite easy by the use of the "Leaf Cluster," the International lessons illustrated with large pictures, with a neat explanation below for the teachers' use. I think it is usually best to follow the regular Sunday School lessons, even with a class of little ones. Whatever lesson I take I try to put it in the form of a story, talking in the most familiar way about it, and in the simplest language.

Animation on the part of a teacher of children is very essential to interest them sufficiently to cause them to retain what is told them. I have also found this true in my 10 years' experience in public schools. Post yourself as thoroly as you can about the lesson story you have for your class, then tell it in a brisk, interesting way, illustrating with those things of home and school with which they are familiar. Show them all that you love them, and I think you cannot fail to interest them, and to impart knowledge.

Do not with the limited time you have with your pupils attempt to teach them to read. That is work of another time and place.—ANNIE E. A.

DON'T DO IT.—I want to advise those who are contemplating a change of locality not to come to Montana, especially single ladies. There is no society outside the towns, the only settlers living old bachelors without principles, waiting to marry every girl that comes along. This a dry, burned-up country, adapted to nothing but sage, prickly pear and alkali, which abound plentifully. We left a pleasant comfortable home in Wisconsin, thinking this to be a very productive paradisical country! but we have found to our sorrow that the circulars and flattering reports sent out broadcast by the railroad companies and land agents are not in any particular reliable. Will some kind reader of the BLADE living in Virginia and Oregon give a general description of those countries. We want to leave this horrid country as soon as we can find out where to go. I wish to thank the person who so kindly sent me the BLADE the past year. Please send no more.—Mrs. and Mrs. M. A. WILLIAMS, Miles City, M. T.

MEN AND WOMEN.—As I am a constant reader of the BLADE I see that "Oregonian" has been answered by several, but do not think he has got any more than he deserves, and think I will just add a little. Would like to know who it is that he and almost all other men pay their attention to if it is not to those very women who "powder, pad and wear false hair" and I think the men are in a measure to blame for some of the deceitful practices. I think like "Lilian" that there are plenty of good, true and pure women left yet in the world and it has been my privilege to know some good men, as I occupy a position where I know and see a great many of both sexes. I think "Oregonian" will find as many deceitful men as women. I hope he will find a good wife, if he deserves her, and if he does not, get his match. I like the plain sensible talk in this department.—A CANCELER OF STAMPS, Kingsville, Mo.

WARNING.

All the rain-bow hues are hiding
In the pearly shells of white,
Yet their beauties are depending
On the magic power of light.
Going, coming, like the blushes
On a modest maiden's cheek,
As her heart-throb quick confesses
What her lips would never speak.

Husband, there's a heart that's loving,
Sweet and trusting, pure and deep,
If you'd know the beauty of it—
If the treasure you would keep,
You must flash the light upon it,
Beaming out from loving eyes,
Then, as shell reflecting sunlight,
It will glow with lovely dyes.

All within and all about it
Soon will catch the wondrous charm;
By reflection and absorption,
Home will aye be bright and warm,
But, if left alone in darkness
Through a life of gloom and night,
Like the sea shell, pure and pearly,
It will be but cold and white.

—PETRESIA PETERS.

MARRIAGE.—"Going" says: "Girls don't get married at all." She tells them that at 17 she has seen more trouble than most people of 50.

Poor, deluded girl! What does she know of the sufferings of a woman of 50? I think, perhaps, she has reason to regret her choice since she took upon herself the duties of a wife at the age of 17. No girl, no matter how well skilled she may be in household affairs, is, at that age, a fit subject for matrimony.

Very few, if any, understand their own heart, or the true meaning of that little word "love." They cannot read men's hearts and motives as well as when older, and not always then. They much more often marry for money, or because they are captivated by a man's pleasing manners, than from any idea of the disposition or character which he possesses, and when married they always awake to the reality, let it be pleasant or otherwise. It is the same disposition to "do as I please" which caused them to take the hasty step, that now makes them unhappy. It matters not whether their unhappiness is real or of their own manufacture. "Love" is always blind, because its devotees are not in any particular reliable. Will some kind reader of the BLADE living in Virginia and Oregon give a general description of those countries. We want to leave this horrid country as soon as we can find out where to go. I wish to thank the person who so kindly sent me the BLADE the past year. Please send no more.—Mrs. and Mrs. M. A. WILLIAMS, Miles City, M. T.

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DEATH.—I read an article in the BLADE a short time since from a lady expressing her regret that the fear of death was so universal, especially among children causing them so much unhappiness. I was deeply interested in the subject and think if it were more freely talked about it would lose much of its dread. I remember with fearful distinctness the worry of my childish days over it. It seems to me that a few years have made great changes in my views opinions and belief. I have known very many dear friends who even in health and happiness, have looked upon death as only a necessary journey to pleasant scenes and a happy reunion with loved ones who have gone on before them, and when death came there was no fear only a peaceful going to sleep. To them the life to come was just as real as the present, a continuation of the same, under circumstances more pure and pleasant. Very many of us have some of our dearest friends in heaven. Why should we dread to go and meet them? Shall we not be just as glad to see them as when they have been absent from us here? And we have rejoiced to see them and surely the joy will be mutual.—E. C. H.

QUESTIONS.—I would like to ask "One of the Girls" a few questions in regard to taking a homestead in Dakota. I have been teaching music for several years, but find my health is being impaired by the close confinement. I have been teaching on a ranch in Colorado this Summer, and like the life so much. I am sure more outdoor exercise would be beneficial to my health. I would like to know the probable cost, what the most profitable crops are, and if men can be found to work "on shares." My greatest ambition is to have a home of my own to enjoy and beautify. I can see no way of obtaining one only by my own efforts. Can anyone suggest a way by which I can get a start? Farming lands are too scarce to be rented in this State. I have thought poultry-raising, bee-keeping, or silk-worm culture would be profitable, but cannot find a place. I hope someone will give me the information wanted.—WIDOW.

WANTS TO EMIGRATE.—Would some good sister tell me of some country or neighborhood that wants a music teacher? At this place they are too thick to thrive. I think this HOUSEHOLD rather selfish. You have whole columns for the schoolmarms and masters, and not a word for us poor old worried music teachers.—B. T. D., Tusculum, Tenn.

SLANG.—I come to say a few words to "Hattie T. Stead" about using slang. I know from experience that the habit may be overcome.

Last Fall, when I was attending school at one of our union schools, a young lady (one of my classmates) came to me one day and said that she had a pledge which she wished me to sign. Several of the pupils had already signed it, her name being the first. The pledge ran something like this: "We promise to abstain from the use of all slang words and phrases. We also promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and not to use tobacco in any form." This pledge I signed, as did several after me. The result was that the majority of those who signed have kept the pledge almost inviolate. Of course, we would forget sometimes at first, but the habit was soon overcome, and we think what we have done, others may do if they try.

Now, will "Hattie" or any other member of the HOUSEHOLD who is in the habit of using slang try this plan and report the result?

I, too, am a school-teacher and am interested in the discussions in regard to teaching. I think the suggestions of "Jo" in regard to spelling are good. I think all persons who intend to make teaching a business will find it very advantageous to take a course in a normal school, or at least a term in a "teacher's class" in one of our normal schools.—DANA E. JENISON, Rock Glen, N. Y.

SUNDRY.—"Helena Chester," I do not wonder at you wishing for others to be with you and feast their eyes upon the Falls of Minnehaha. I was in St. Paul and Minneapolis in the year 1872. I liked St. Paul very much; yet I just thought Mirneapolis was a little "heaven on earth," with all the lovely lakes that surround it. I would ask nothing better than to be there now and spend the remainder of the warm weather.

"Helen Talboys," I do believe in lending reading matter to friends who I am confident will take good care of it; yet I think persons who destroy books ought to be refused and be compelled to buy their own reading matter.

"M. I. S. H.," I can't acquiesce with you when you say that "of all things on earth the second wife is the least appreciated." I have been filling that place for the past 10 years, and can say with all truthfulness that my husband has never alluded to his first wife as my superior in anything. Yet I well know myself that she was "perfection." Now, girls, take my advice, and widows too (I was a widow myself), the first "good widower" that favors you with a proposal be sure to accept if you can love him. My experience has been "unalloyed bliss," even if "M. I. S. H." does think it such a deplorable condition to be placed in.

"Aunt Sallie," I think if all young men could get wives like yourself they would be sure to improve in health and wealth. In health because she would know how to cook everything so nicely; in wealth because she would know how to be economical.

"A. S. Hotchkiss," your home must be a resting place for the dear ones, as you say you do not wonder for your family with love and cheerfulness. If we were blessed with more who could make their homes the "dearest spot on earth," this would be a brighter and better world to live in.

"Beal E.," you are correct in all you say about neatness. Why positively one feels better able to work when he is neatly dressed. I care not what kind of work he may have to do, he can keep clean if he tries.

"Koch, Rochester, N. Y.," I shall not fail to try your white fruit cake, for I am partial to you. Do you know why? No. Well I will tell you, because you are from Rochester, and that is my "dear old birth place." I love the very name, and I am truly glad that we have you in our HOUSEHOLD. Can't you tell us something about it? Please do; I think you could interest others, and I know it would gladden my heart, for I am so far away from all the dear delightful scenes of childhood.

Poor "Unknown," you are in trouble because hired girls are not permitted to eat at the table with the family. Well now that would be well enough if the girl were a nice, modest, genteel person, but we have not many of that kind who hire out in this country. Yes, I think it the duty of every one who hires a girl to treat her according to her worth. A rough, uncouth, ignorant girl would undoubtedly feel out of place to be treated as a member of a refined family. And I think if you look into the matter more closely you will see that there is a vast difference between hired girls and it will not do to class them all together.—MOCKING BIRD.

CHILDREN.—While the subject is being discussed, I wish to ask what is the use of whipping at all? Is there instruction in the rod? If so, why not train animals with the rod? Are children worse than the brutes? The members of but two branches of the animal kingdom, will caress the hand that strikes them. They are the child and the dog. Children hate those whom they love. If taught to respect that which is right, they will do right, as did Washington, though it may bring tears to their eyes. If a whipping is the penalty of telling the truth, what is there to induce a child to confess a fault?

"Dakota Girl," I would advise you to advertise for a man when you do conclude to marry. Advertise in the BLADE, as it is the best circulating medium you can find. There is a man here, 84 years old, who wants a wife badly, and is willing to advance a handsome sum before marriage. You may get him. Of course, you care nothing about his age and illiteracy.

"I. M. Practical" you're a poor hand at guessing. Pride, not jealousy was once my ruling spirit. I never heard girls talk as silly as you intimate and hope few think as you do. When it comes to the fineness of life, you are very blunt and your husband will find you a negative quantity.

"Mrs. Montgomery," give your children an education, and teach them to despise the silly rot which rules the roost in your aunt. Don't think it is genteel to do nothing. God created every thing for a purpose, but some people are used, simply to fill vacant orders. See that your children are not like these. Remember, when you hear it said, that "pride is foolish and unwise" that such is the experience of—SULIEMAN.

Inquiries.

Will someone tell me what will take stains off white oil cloth? Will someone give some good cooking recipes for invalids?—MRS. NANCY MCCONNELL, Francisco, Ind.

Will some one tell me how old tube roses must be before they will bloom?—LITTLE GYPSY, Box 17, Bridgeport, O.

Will Miss Libbie Ranson, Randall Roads, N. Y., tell me where I can send for arrasene and arrasene patterns?—JESSIE.

Will some one send a good recipe for making currant wine?—AGNES B. BURKE, Flagg, Ill.

Will someone tell what will cure brown patches on the face? I have been waiting to see a cure given in the HEALTH AND BEAUTY, but as yet nothing has been written on that subject.—BERNHARDT.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make an "Indian pudding," one that is boiled in a sack? Our grandmothers were adepts in their manufacture, and the lost art is sadly bewailed by a—GRANDDAUGHTER.

Will someone tell me whether a poor girl whose eyes are pretty near out can be doctored in the State of Kansas or not, free of charge—that is, can I be sent to an oculist or not, and if I can, where will I have to go?

Will someone tell me how many strawberry plants it will take to set an acre, and what they will cost?

Will the lady who gave directions about making wax-fruit please to give them again as I did not see them before but saw them mentioned.

Will the lady of the Sunny South, who wrote about roses and mocking birds, please tell me what it would cost to send a male red bird and two male mocking birds to Columbus, Ohio?—INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

Can any of you give a sure cure for drinking? There is a lady near here who is ruining her life, as well as her husband's and children's, with it. She is well respected when sober, and a hard-working and loving mother, but has a love for liquor which she cannot control. They have come to this State to cure her, thinking she could not get it; but she will outwit anyone. She will sell the clothes on her back, if there is no other way to get it, and will drink till she don't know what she is doing. When sober she feels so sorry and would sign the pledge, but soon forgets it. Any one who knows what a horror it is to live with a drunkard, and knows a sure cure, will please give it.—A SUFFERER.

Will someone give a good recipe for making ice cream?—HATTIE E. TIFFANY, Jamestown, N. Y.

Can anyone tell me how to make whisky pickles, so they will keep well?—MARY THAYER, Storm Lake, Ia.

Will someone send a good, reliable recipe for pickling green tomatos?—Kittie T., Waterbury, Conn.

Will "Always Busy" please tell me what the letters "t" and "r" stand for in her Smyrna lace?—S. J. D., Sheldon, Ill.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Espressa," chlorhydrate of sodium, muriate of soda and chloride of sodium are all the same thing, common table salt.—CHEMICUS.

"Gertrude H.," If you keep your ducks out of dew and hard storms till nearly feathered, and feed same as chickens and give plenty of sour milk, they will thrive.

Answer to "Sunburn" was in HEALTH AND BEAUTY. Apply sweet cream.—MOLLIE S.

Strong tobacco-water, (that is, tobacco steeped in water), and poured on the leaves of plants will destroy the lice.—M. E. F.

"School Marm" can remove spots from furniture by taking 4 ounces of vinegar, 2 ounces of sweet oil, 1 ounce of turpentine, mixing and applying with a flannel cloth.

Spirits of ammonia, diluted with water, if applied with a sponge or flannel to discolored spots of the carpets or garments, will often restore the color.

"Cookies," you can make cream dressing for cold slaw by taking 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream whipped, 1 of sugar and ¼ of vinegar. Beat well and pour over cabbage previously cut very fine and seasoned with salt.

"Worried," and others, you can kill bedbugs in this way: Shut the windows tight, leave all clothing in its place, and open trunks and drawers. Put a thick layer of ashes into an iron kettle, on which place the live coals. Take care to have nothing between yourself and the open door. Put a handful of sulphur on the coals, and immediately close the room, leaving it undisturbed for several hours. When opened, the room and contents can be aired, and the odor will soon be gone. It is rarely that a second trial is necessary.—ESDRA.

"Elton Girl," you can prevent your hair from falling out by using a mixture composed of 2 ozs. of spirits of ammonia, 2 ozs. each of glycerine and rose water, ½ oz. of cantharides and enough alcohol to clarify.—ALDER.

"Eliza," here is a tea cake recipe: Take 1½ cupfuls sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, beaten to a cream, then add 1 cupful sweet milk in which 1 teaspoonful soda has been dissolved; then stir 2½ cupfuls flour and ½ cupful corn starch, in which 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar has been stirred.

"Ada A.," pineapple pudding is made in this way: Peel the pineapple, taking care to get all the specks out, and grate it; take its weight in sugar and half of its weight in butter, and, rubbing these to a cream, stir them into the apple. Then add five eggs and a cupful of cream. It may be baked with or without the paste crust.—HARRY, Port Clinton, O.

"Horace B," charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also good for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.—EM DEE.

"Helen B.," you will find this recipe for jelly cake very good: Take 4 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of milk, 4 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Bake in shallow tins and spread with jelly when cool.—M. I F.

Recipes.

Lemon Jelly—Take ½ box gelatine; juice of five large lemons; 2 cupfuls loaf-sugar, or sugar to taste; beaten white and shell of an egg; 1½ pts. boiling water. Soak the gelatine in ½ pt. of water half an hour. Rub several of the pieces of the sugar on the peel of the lemon, to soak the oil on the surface. Pour 1½ pts. of boiling water on the soaked gelatine, and add lemon juice sugar and egg; let it come to a boil, then set it at the side of the range a few moments; skim carefully and pass through the jelly-bag into moulds.—ERSE, Leominster, Mass.

Coffee Snaps—Half cupful molasses, ½ cupful sugar, ½ cupful lard and butter mixed, a little more than ½ teaspoonful soda, dissolve in ¼ cupful of strong coffee. Beat well; add flour enough to roll. Bake in a quick oven.—HETTIE, Nine Mile, O.

To Can Corn.—To 3 pts. corn, cut off, add 1 teaspoonful tartaric acid. Cook in as little water as possible. Seal in tin cans. The corn does not require much cooking, but must be steamed when put in cans. When desired for use dip off a part of a cupful of the liquor that is on the corn. Put the rest on to cook and add 1 teaspoonful of soda and more water if the corn is too thick. If the corn tastes of the soda when it is cooked pour in part of the liquor that was saved out. Wash your can the moment it is emptied and it will do for use again.—CORA, Greenfield, Ia.

Ginger Ale.—Take 4 ozs. green ginger root, thoroughly cleansed, or 5 tablespoonfuls of ground ginger; 8 lemons; 3 ozs. cream of tartar; 5 lbs. of white or light brown sugar. Cut the lemons into thin slices; add the sugar, the ginger, and the cream of tartar; pour over the whole two or three gallons of boiling water, and let it boil up for ten minutes. Then strain through a cloth, and add enough cold water to make five gallons. Put it into a small keg to work, and add ½ a pint of yeast poured upon some crusts of bread. Let it ferment over night, then bottle it, cork tightly, tie down the corks, and place the bottles in the ice-house or refrigerator to keep cold, for if the temperature is not low the ale is apt to become sour. If it does, a spoonful of sugar to each tumblerful of ale will correct the acidity.—ELDER SISTER, Constance, O.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Slit and put in a sauce-pan half a vanilla bean, with a little boiling milk, to soak for 15 minutes on the side of the fire without boiling. Put in a tinned basin 8 egg yolks and ½ lb. of fine sugar, well mixed. Dilute with a quart of boiled milk; set the infusion on the fire and stir continually with a wooden spoon until it thickens. Strain immediately through a fine sieve into an earthen vessel. Stir now and then while cooling. Freeze in the ordinary way, and serve either molded or in paper cases.

Mountain Cake.—One cupful milk, ¼ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls flour, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Bake in gem pans.—MRS. H. H. CAMPBELL, Stoughton, Wis.

Boston Baked Beans—Pick over the beans, rejecting all imperfect ones, and soak them over night. In the morning parboil them till the skins crack open, when dip them from the kettle with a perforated skimmer into a glazed earthen pot. Salt to to taste. Put in the top of the pot a piece of salt fat pork with the rind scored, and cover with water. Put on a cover of dough or tin and bake in an oven, not very hot, for six hours. If the oven is of brick they may be put in at night and remain till morning. Butter or suet may be used instead of pork. Sometimes a tablespoonful of molasses is put in when the salt is added.—AGNES, Leipsic, O.

Cookies.—One cupful sour cream, 2 cupfuls sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoonful soda and salt. Mix soft and bake in a quick oven. Caraway seed may be added.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—One pint of sour buttermilk, ½ cupful of molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, salt, 1 cupful of chopped raisins. Stir in enough Indian meal to make a stiff batter. Boil two hours in a double kettle, or tie it up in a cloth leaving room enough to swell, and eat with sweetened cream.

Johnny Cakes.—One egg, 2 spoonfuls of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, 2 cupfuls of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Beat well, and add Indian meal enough to make a thin batter. Bake on a hot gem pan in a hot oven.—ELIZA G., Port Gibson, N. Y.

An Excellent Mucilage.—Get 1 oz. of gum arabic and 10 cents worth of gum tragacanth. Put in a wide mouthed bottle and cover with 2 gills of water. Set in hot water on the stove until dissolved. As you use and it grows thick, add more water and heat it over. This will make enough to last a long time, as you will have to thin it several times. A little alcohol, I should think would be good to keep it from souring in warm weather.—MRS. S. W.

"NOTHING WRONG WITH MY LUNGS NOW."

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compound Oxygen:

"There is nothing wrong with my lungs now, and for that I have to thank you more than anything else. It is true, there are days when I do not feel as bright as I could wish, but *if I had not been for the Oxygen I doubt if I would be here to feel at all.*"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be *sent free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Phila.

A French explorer claims to have traversed a vast district hitherto unknown, on the left bank of the Niger River, and has placed it under the protectorate of France.

Our Young Folks

A CHAT BY THE NEW EDITOR.

Dear Boys and Girls:

What d'you think? ha! ha! Who'd have thought it? What do you suppose has happened? Cant guess? Well, then, let me tell you quick. Why, the editor has actually turned this

HOP BITTERS.

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye *invalids* of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all the people and put sickness and suffering *under* foot.

3. Be thou not *afraid* when your family is sick, or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and *Rheumatic* complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease, and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For all my life have I been plagued with *sickness* and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will remove them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick, from female complaints, who desireth not health and useth Hop Bitters, and is *made well?*

11. Let not neglect to use Hop Bitters bring on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains, and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who *was nearly* dead, and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and he will be found well.

15. Cast from worrying about nervousness, general debility and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

It is Prepared in the most careful manner, and Immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

For all the Weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate the worst humor of humors from the blood, at the same time giving tone and strength to the whole system. It will invigorate the Compound.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3-cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

Either Pills, Compound or Blood Purifier, sold by all Druggists. $5 to $6 a bottle.

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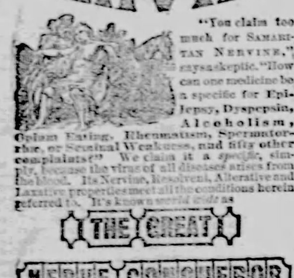
SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS.



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It is a true and complete tonic, free from alcohol and all compounds the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of the excessive nervous action, as are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those who from sedentary employment, cares and anxiety, suffer prostration, with diseases of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever established the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all Druggists. (14)

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

A New Plant.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

As a number of farmers living in Lucas and adjoining Counties have asked some information of me about a new grazing plant that we have here, I know of no better way to answer their inquiries than through your columns.

The plant's genus is *Leguminosa;* scientific name, *Lespedeza Striata,* and its common nomenclature, Japan or Irish clover. It is a perennial trifoliate, growing on any kind of soil, and withstanding our Midsummer drouths, putting forth its purplish blossoms through the heats of August and on till frost. It bears its seen singly along the stem instead of in agglomerated heads, like the clover proper; and the seed are maturing and dropping throughout the season. It has a deeply-penetrating root, spreads rapidly, enriches the soil and furnishes grazing second to none. Its analysis shows that it has more fattening properties than red clover, and is a greater renovator of the soil. Sixteen years ago there were hundreds of acres here of non-productive land, turned out and covered with that worthless broomsedge, *Andropagon Scoparius,* which the Japan clover has rid of that nuisance and restored large areas to a degree of fertility suitable to successful agriculture, which are now either paying in cultivated crops, or with fine, inexhaustible pasturage. When the seed are sown in the Fall or Winter the land should never be broken, and the seed thus scattered even among broomsedge, will come up in the spring. It never runs out, requires no cultivation, and is as easily destroyed with the plow as red clover or peas. There is no land too rich or too poor, too wet or too dry for it to grow upon, it grows luxuriantly on the summits of the Blue Ridge, at a hight of 4,000 feet.

The seasons have been such here this year as to render every cultivable crop a partial failure. Corn, cotton and tobacco cannot exceed 50 per cent. of an ordinary crop. There was another crop which it was desirable should fail, and it seems that from its utter precocity, premature decay has marked it for its prey. This crop was of those worthless, senseless, woman-mashing genus known as the country dude. They certainly were stunning, with their pipe-stem shanks, poplar-bark-encased chests, saucer-sized-noodle-headgear, brass watch, chain and finger-ring, mustache of six little hairs on a side swathed with shoe blacking, and the thing called hat jauntily worked up with the juice of the extract of gourd-vine. Their exodus began soon after their appearance. The girls snubbed them for a while, which seemed to abate the nuisance but little, yet when the girls got real mad and began to collar all the dudes as they came to them, and give them a beating nigh unto death with broomstraws, and all the poodles assaulted them as they passed, the dude began to play out, and it is now thought that only a few cigaret-sized specimens will be preserved for future reference.

J. W. WALKER.

Franklinton, N. C., Aug. 20.

Plant a Strawberry Bed.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

A year ago last April I set about 20 square rods in strawberry plants in rows three feet apart, 15 inches apart in the row, three rows Crescent seedling and then one Wilson cultivated, the same as beans or potatos, that is plowed twice with a cultivator and hoed once. In the Fall, after the ground froze, I covered thinly with straw, and in the Spring left the straw on, allowing the plants to find their way up through it. Now for results: I kept a careful account of all berries picked and found at the end of the season that my patch had yielded 400 quarts of very fine berries. We ate all we wanted, and then sold nearly 200 quarts at 12½c. After the crop was picked I took a sharp scythe and mowed off all weeds, and now have a splendid prospect of good results next year. I think early Spring the best time to set plants, but if I had none set I should set a bed now, in fact shall enlarge my bed in the next week or two. The advantages in Spring setting is that each plant will stool out in August and September, throw out a large number of runners and form new plants for next season's fruiting. So that, if set as above and kept clean, there will be a solid mat of plants. If set in this month they will still multiply considerably before freezing weather, but should set somewhat thicker than in the Spring, when they will give from one third to one-half more than the next season's crop of the second year.

Do not neglect to cover with straw for Winter protection, especially Fall set plants as they will be much more likely to be injured than older buds, and then the straw as a mulch through the fruiting season is worth many times the cost of putting it on. Of the many varieties offered I doubt if any will give better results than Crescent seedling fertilized with Wilson or Charles Downing.

If you want a few larger berries, set a few rows of Sharpless or Pres. Lincoln. They will not need a fertilizer. The Cumberland Triumph is another good, self-fertilizing sort, excellent for family use. Any soil that will produce a good crop of corn or potatos will bring a good crop of strawberries, but, as the bed is to stand two to five years, it should be well enriched with well-rotted stable manure and worked up very deeply before setting the plants. Make the ground perfectly level, never setting plants on ridges. Keep soil as mellow as possible until the plants interfere with cultivation, and, my word for it, you will be well repaid for all your trouble.

PORNO.

Neatness on the Farm.

Intelligent observers have generally noted the fact that in every rural neighborhood the prosperous farmers are almost invariably those who keep their buildings painted, fences in good repair and their fields free from stone, weeds and rubbish. Of course it may be said that men who have plenty of money can afford to spend it for keeping up appearances. But this is evidently not the full explanation of this coincidence of facts. Men who make money, especially in farming, are least inclined to lay it out merely for show. It may be safely put down as a general rule that the work performed by most thrifty farmers is in the direction of profit, hence, as neatness commonly goes with thrift, it is quite as likely to be one of its causes as one of its effects. There are exceptions to this rule, as to all others. Some farmers accumulate money still more rapidly, not by increasing their income, but by a system of grinding parsimony, by robbing themselves and cheating their families to put dollars in their purses. These are not examples to be imitated. The aim of most reasonable men is not only to make money, but in the meantime to live in a reasonable and comfortable manner. To accomplish these objects it is not difficult to prove that neatness is essential.

There are many reasons why habits of neatness in farming lead to success. Such habits are none too common, and in every business the men who do their work in the most thoro manner get the best pay. The world is full of poor work, that of necessity can be poorly paid. The farmer who grows his crops among weeds can never sell his grain at the highest market price, while the extra care needed to secure absolute purity is sure to be proportionately well paid. Farmers understand this well enough, as is shown by their periodic endeavors to secure pure seed for sowing and planting. If we go to almost any market we will find that the bulk of crops are more or less mixed, and, therefore, unsalable for seed and undesirable for any purpose. Almost every Spring there is an active demand for seed barley, free from oats or other varieties of barley, and not infrequently farmers buy from seed stores, paying from two to four times the price at which they sold their grain the Fall previous. In almost any neighborhood a farmer who will grow pure seed of the various grains will find a demand for his entire stock at prices enough better than market rates to assure him a profit. When we are told that farming is not profitable, the implication is that reference is made to the common slovenly method. The fancy kinds of farming, such as growing seeds and garden vegetables, nearly always pay those who intelligently conduct them. Yet seed growing and gardening are really as true farming as growing hay or making butter and cheese. They are only better paid because they cannot be conducted without close attention to details, and it is in this that neatness consists.—*American Cultivator.*

A Boy's Success With Poultry.

"A Boy" thus relates his experience in the poultry business through the *Farm and Fireside:*

"When I commenced raising fowls, I determined to thoroly satisfy myself if keeping poultry was really profitable in a pecuniary point of view. As a schoolboy I undertook it almost solely for the pocket money I thought it would furnish me. Nor was I disappointed in my expectations. I began with White Leghorns, and afterward changed to the Browns, as their dark plumage did not show the grimy influence of coal smoke and dust. I lived in the heart of a Town of 4,000 inhabitants, and it was necessary to keep them almost entirely in a small fenced-off portion of a City lot. Confined in such a limited space, the White Leghorns soon presented an unsightly appearance, which made the change a desirable one. From a record before me I find that for the first four months of 1880 my yard contained 25 hens. From these I received 221 eggs in January, 376 in February, 478 in March, and 431 in April—a grand total of the four months of 1,506, or 125½ dozen. I sold these eggs for $12.41, the price averaging less than 10 cents a dozen, which was remarkably low for this time of the year. During these four months I paid for food, $5.29. This left me a profit of $7.02, or something over 28 cents clear on each hen; or, at the same rate, 84 cents per year. This is the profit on eggs alone. During this time I was raising a large number of young chickens, the food for which is included in feed account of $5.29, above mentioned. During the next month (May) my profits increased the general average for a year to $1.39 on each hen, instead of 84 cents.

I think the above ought to convince anyone that hens are, all things considered, more profitable, even in town, than any other kind of stock. If hens will clear 75 cents to $1 a year, with eggs at 10 cents per dozen, anyone living near a City can make $1.50 or $2 from them. Why more persons do not make a specialty of this business, I cannot imagine. It requires but little capital, is light work, and anyone of ordinary intelligence ought to succeed from the start. Especially would it be suitable for ladies, or girls and boys. The latter would find it a sure way to secure all those little pleasures which cost money, and which, on their account, cannot always be supplied by father or mother. After this, I hope many of your young readers will procure some good book on the subject, study it carefully and then embark in the business.

Are Creameries Profitable?

Under this heading, Prof. L. B. Arnold writes to the *Tribune* that, though creameries, as generally carried on, fail to do exact justice between their patrons, they are, on the whole, profitable. While they make no better butter than can be made in private dairies, they never make any as poor as many of the private dairies do. Creameries turn out butter of a uniform grade and excellence in quality, while no two dairies make butter alike, which is very much against the commercial value of dairy butter. No dealer can pay as much for an assortment of all kinds of butter as he can for butter of uniform quality. On this account, he prefers to give from five to 10 cents a pound more for creamery than for dairy butter, and this difference makes the creamery system pay. The cost of manufacturing is less at the creameries than in the dairies, and the former average more butter from a given quantity of milk, because they employ better appliances and more skill. Creameries also pay by way of relieving the farmers' wives and daughters of a great deal of very hard work. They are, however, not so important in this respect as they were a few years ago. The improvements which have been made of late in butter-making appliances, have made it possible to raise cream quite as well and as perfectly on the farm as it can be done anywhere, and to do all the work of butter-making with greater care and much less labor than it was formerly done. The greatest objection to the creamery system is the general practice of estimating rich and poor milk alike, making the same returns to patrons for equal quantities of each, which is manifestly unjust. This objection it is believed will be obviated in time. Some of the managers of the cream-gathering system in the West have adopted successfully a more exact method of distributing proceeds, and it is hoped and believed that all will in time. In such an event creameries will become a more important institution than they are at present.

Management of Turkey Poults.

Every year, says the *Poultry Journal,* we have more or less complaints from those who try to raise turkeys about the mortality of the young poults and the great trouble of bringing them safely through the Spring and Summer months. True, poults require more care at first than chickens do; they cannot endure that degree of dampness; they make rapid growth when young, and should, by care and food, be forced along as quick as possible, that their bodies may keep pace with the quick-growing wing and tail feathers. There is very little expense attending the raising of turkeys after they are a couple of months old, until a month or so before Thanksgiving. They do better on farms where they have the range of meadows, woodland and stubble fields, for they are restless fowls and love to wander through fields and along hedge-rows. They are secretive and the hens will steal their nests if they have an opportunity, in preference to depositing their eggs in convenient places. A great many make a sad mistake when they begin, or while breeding turkeys, in the selection of the breeding stock. Too much cannot be said in regard to this point. Indeed it is of the greatest importance that the parent stock should be strong, healthy and of good size. Another important element of success is the care of the poults after being hatched. Above all things keep them on a dry, elevated place, where neither rain nor dew will touch them, and where they will be protected from the cold damp ground. For that purpose chaff, straw or leaves scattered inside their pens and in their coops where they go at night and walk over during the day, will be found beneficial to follow until they get to be a month or so old. Hard boiled eggs, milk curd or cottage cheese, supplemented with baked johnnycake, oatmeal and a little vegetables make good feed for them while young.

Changing the Character of Plants.

Dr. Sturtevant, in Bulletin No. 38, of the New York Experiment Station, quotes different authorities to show that seeds taken from different parts of a plant, are unlike in character, and also alludes to the popular belief among gardeners, that pole beans may be changed to bush beans by continued selection for planting of the lowest pods on the vines.

We are reminded of a recent statement made by one of our subscribers, Mr. Henry Pickering, of Woonsocket, R. I., who, some years since, procured the seed of one of our well known varieties of late sweet corn, a peculiarity of which was a tall stalk, and with the ears set very high up on the stalks. By selecting only the lowest ears formed on the stalks, regardless of their size or general appearance in other respects, Mr. Pickering has been able to produce a corn every way equal to the original in all other characteristics, but with the ears set comparatively low on the stalks. The fodder part of the plant has also been quite materially reduced in size by this method of selection of ears for planting.

Farmers have scarcely begun to realize the extent of power there is in selection for changing and improving the character of the plants they raise. Such experiments as these made by Mr. Pickering may savor a little too much of the doctrine of evolution to suit some, but under the direction of careful experimenters, changes and improvements will go on, whether we acknowledge the law under which such changes are produced or not.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Using the Windfalls.

A friend of ours in Indiana has extensive orchards, which he manages for profit. One of his minor savings is in his use of the windfalls, and this, in the course of the year amounts to an important item. Every few days, after the fruit is large enough to be blown off, they are gathered. Instead of feeding these directly to the pigs, they are ground up in a hand cider-mill, the juice pressed out and the resulting pomace then goes to the pig-pen. The juice, or cider, goes to the vinegar-house, where, while it does not make as good vinegar as the cider from ripe apples, it produces a much better article than is usually sold, and may be mixed with other vinegar to advantage. The gentleman referred to applies business judgment to the management of his orchards, and disposes of their products as seems most profitable. If it is a year in which apples (and he cultivates his orchards and always has fruit) bring satisfactory prices, he barrels his fruit and sends it to market. If the returns show that the fruit is worth more to him at home, the apples are at once converted into cider, and the cider into vinegar. Having ascertained that, as a rule, he can get more for the products of his orchards in the form of vinegar, he has a vinegar-house arranged with every appliance needed for vinegar making. Experience has taught him that in most years vinegar is the most profitable form in which to market even his good apples. But then he has established a reputation for his brand upon both apple and vinegar barrels. —*American Agriculturist.*

Big Case for Geddes.

MANSFIELD, O., Aug. 23.—About 200 of the heirs and descendants of Wolfert Webber and Anneka Bogardus, who settled in New York State in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and were granted patents on several thousand acres of land which are now situated in the most populous part of New York City, are in this City to-day in consultation with their lawyer, Hon. George W. Geddes, seeking to further their claims to the same. The amount of the property thus involved reaches into the millions, and the heirs are confident that the claim will be recognized.

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my neuralgia." Rev. Dan'l Allen, Montevado, Fla.

News of the Week

Furious Cyclone—Hundreds Killed and Injured, and Many Families Homeless.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 22.—Tuesday evening at 11 o'clock Rochester was one of the most beautiful cities in the West. Two minutes later its beauty had disappeared, and in parts of the City ruin and desolation reigned. A terrible cyclone had visited the City, leaving death and destruction in its path. Just one month ago a terrible cyclone passed six miles below, and now it has passed through it. The day had been beautiful and warm until evening, when clouds began to gather. At 10 o'clock it seemed as though it had commenced to clear up, but soon a heavy black cloud came from the southwest, and rain fell heavily. Directly after six the clouds assumed a greenish appearance, accompanied by a rumbling noise, and in a short time the wind increased in violence till the full force of the cyclone was felt, and what was once a well populated portion of the City was a scene of ruin.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22.—Passengers from Owatonna, state that 25 were killed in the railroad accident. Thirty-five injured were taken to the hospital at Owatonna. The Mayor of Rochester telegraphs for assistance, and states that 25 were killed and about 40 injured. One-third of the Town is an entire wreck. It is believed from all reports that come in, that the whole country surrounding Rochester is in ruins. The killed may reach up into the hundreds. M. Cole, proprietor of the Humbrode Mills, at Humbrode, was instantly killed. He was in the mill when the storm struck the Town, and the building was wrecked. Gov. Hubbard sent $5,000 to aid the sufferers.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 22.—Dispatches from the northern and central parts of the State report great damage from the wind storm of last night. At Stevens' Point and in Wood County, crops, fences, buildings and mill dams were torn to pieces. An old man in Wood County was seriously but not fatally injured by flying debris. Towns of Stockton and New Hope were visited by a terrible hail storm. Corn, oats and hops have been badly damaged. Live stock was killed at various points by flying rails. The hail in Brown County and around Green Bay, did similar damage. No loss of life reported.

DODGE CENTER, Minn., Aug. 23.—Crops in the path of the cyclone two miles south of here were all destroyed, and heavy damage done to buildings.

A man named Aldrich and wife were working in a field when they saw the storm, and clung to each other. When it struck them he was knocked senseless and she blown to a considerable distance. She was found this morning in a horribly mutilated condition, one arm twisted off, and the other nearly so. A number of other persons were less badly injured.

WINONA, Minn., Aug. 23.—The cyclone struck here at 7 o'clock last night. The depot was unroofed and badly wrecked. The engine house is a total wreck. The covered bridge near town is gone. A number of cars in the yard were completely smashed. Hofton's elevator is a total wreck; half of it obstructs the main railroad track. The streets are filled with trees and fragments of buildings. Five cars and engine were derailed at Zumbrota Junction. The fireman, Wm. Higgins, jumped from the cars and was buried in the wreck.

The reported list of killed and wounded has been exaggerated through confusion of names. Careful inquiry shows 16 compromises all instantly killed. The reason assigned by the City undertaker for errors is that four were said to have been taken into the country by friends, which is not true, and the names of four other victims were incorrectly given, and thus added to swell the suppositious list.

One thousand men, women and children of that class who possessed hardly anything outside their bones and what there is in them, are to-day without anything. Of 200 houses which stood before the approach of the storm, there is not sufficient material to build an ordinary frame shelter. The same is true of household furniture and clothing. The people are poor and must be cared for. At present they are lodged in private houses, warehouses, empty stores and halls, and are being fed by the City. Rochester is doing her whole duty by the sufferers.

A large dining hall, 20 by 60 feet, is being built on the devastated tract; food and clothing are being brought; and $3,000 has been raised among citizens. St. Paul has subscribed, $5,000; Minneapolis, $12,000; Winona, $3,000; Stillwater, $1,000; Lake City, $2,500; Red Wing, $500; Hastings, $1,000; Owatonna and Mankato have also responded.

The great need of the people can only be appreciated by those who have seen their condition. A gentleman who visited the hospital yesterday and saw Gregg and his six motherless little ones, all seriously hurt, wrote a check for $300 and gave it to Judge Start, Chairman of the Relief Committee for their benefit. Their father has since died, and the helplessness of these young orphans is typical of the general distress.

Blood and Thunder.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 22.—Circulars emanating from the Bureau of Information of the American Federation of Socialists have been distributed among the prominent labor leaders of the City. The following is the fiery emanation:

"To the Socialists of North America—Comrades: The capitalistic class of this country have exhausted the store of our patience. Not a day passes in which there are not new links forged for the chain which holds the wage-working class in subjection to the dictates of the bourgeoise—the propertied class. The wage-worker is looked upon as one who by predestination is condemned to disfranchisement and resignation; as one whose object of existence is no other than continuous servitude for the comfort of his capitalistic master. Tyrannical ordinances, lock-outs for the purpose of breaking up and preventing the organization of labor, reduction of wages, increase of the hours of labor, incarceration, and even assassination, are the means which the oligarchy employs against the working people to render them still more dependent, and degrade them to intellectual dullness, the result of which is idiocracy and degeneracy.

"What are, meantime, the Socialists doing, who should be the pioneers of labor in the great social war? They seem to be only partially cognizant of their mission. Some look indifferently upon the development of things and live in obscurity, instead of grasping every opportunity that is offered for the furtherance and promulgation of our ideas, and the formation of organizations to prepare that force which is destined to abolish the infamous institutions of oppression to-day and class rule in whatever form it may appear. What is the cause of this indifference? It is the deplorable dissention of the elements who are all working for the same end. Let us put an end to this state of affairs. Let all those who have the cause of their oppressed class at heart, and who are sincere and earnest about it, meet in council and agree upon a uniform, practical and effective organization. A congress has for this purpose been called to meet at Pittsburg, Sunday, October 14, 1883, to which we ask you to send your delegates. In Cities where the majorities should resolve to ignore this Congress let the minorities assemble and elect delegates."

The names appended are Wm. Bluhm, Secretary, 28 Keith street, and A. Spier, Assistant Secretary, 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

The leading revolutionist here is Herr Johann Frick, ex-emigrant agent.

Thomas A. Armstrong, editor of the National Labor Tribune, and representative of a score of trades unions, said, "None of the labor organizations of the country will pay the least attention to this inflammatory call. The Red Republicans have nothing for which we care in their views. There are not a dozen native Americans in the crowd, and no man a representative of a labor organization will be a delegate to their Congress."

An official of a powerful organization, who refused the use of his name, also said: "I can't understand why the Socialists have chosen Pittsburg as the point at which to hold a called Congress, for I am sure the labor organizations of this region have always given them the cold shoulder. Some years ago we held a Labor Convention in this City, in which the Socialists sent delegates. We soon put them out, and they went to another hall, where they passed blood and thunder resolutions, embodying the sentiments of this circular. Sensible advocates of the rights of labor don't train with this communistic crowd."

The Missing Girl.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 22.—No news has been received of the missing girl, Mary Churchill. It was rumored to-night she had been identified as the girl who married a man at Jerseyville, Ill., yesterday, under circumstances pointing to elopement, but investigation showed it was a drummer who had eloped from Greenville. Detectives seem absolutely at sea as to clues of the girl's whereabouts.

"The Strike Is Over."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The Critic says the American Rapid Telegraph Company has notified their employes that all advantages accorded them during the strike have been revoked.

• It is impossible for a woman to suffer from weakness after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A Lie Nailed."

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The Sun publishes the following:

JAMESTOWN, R. I., July 28, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I am a friend of Stanley Matthews, and took an active part in having him confirmed. I am sorry to see New York newspapers charge that you agreed to subscribe a large sum to the Garfield election fund upon a bargain with Garfield (to have he would (if elected President) send to the Senate the name of Stanley Matthews to fill vacancy occasioned by death, resignation or otherwise on the Supreme Bench. Will you be so kind as to tell me frankly whether there is any truth in this or whether you made any arrangement at all to have him placed upon the Supreme Bench? I feel I have the right to ask this of you, because I worked hard and in good faith for his confirmation, having known him from his boyhood, and believed in his great ability and integrity.

Very truly yours,
WASHINGTON McLEAN.

To Jay Gould, Esq., New York City.

195 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 31, 1883.

To Washington McLean, Jamestown, R. I.:

DEAR SIR: I have your letter. The story that I ever paid any money to secure the nomination of Stanley Matthews or any one else to the Supreme Bench is a pure fabrication. I had no bargain nor understanding with Gen. Garfield of any sort, directly or indirectly. My acquaintance with Mr. Matthews was not intimate; indeed, now that I write, I remember it was at your own personal solicitation after his nomination I asked Mr. Plumb, by an open telegram, to aid, if consistent, in his confirmation. Matthews was never my counsel; indeed, he was the friend, if not also counsel, for the Texas & Pacific, then controlled by Thomas A. Scott, and which was at the time of hostile interests to those in which I was interested.

Yours truly, JAY GOULD.

The Body of a Murdered Man Identified by a Tooth.

DETROIT, Aug. 21.—On May 18 two men found the body of an unknown man in a wood lot near Freeland, Saginaw County. It was clear that the man had been murdered, probably a month or two ago, but who he was, where he was from, and why and by whom he was murdered, could not be told. On the previous last a farmer named John Magher, of Genesee County, New York, arrived in East Saginaw in search of his son William, from whom nothing had been heard for nearly a year. Finding no trace of him upon his arrival, and learning of the finding of the unknown body at Freeland, he determined to investigate. At the house of John Smith, a farmer, living near the place where the body was found, Mr. Magher found his son's trunk. Thereon were two paid-up life insurance policies, one for $2,000 and two for $5,000, made payable to the mother of the deceased. There was also a tooth found in the trunk, which, though a small and insignificant object, in this instance proved the medium of thoroughly establishing the identity of the deceased. Upon discovering the trunk Mr. Magher consulted with the Coroner and Prosecuting Attorney, and under their orders the body was exhumed and examined. In the jaw of the skeleton's head there was a vacancy in which the tooth found in the trunk fitted perfectly. Deceased, whose name, as before given, was William Magher, was well known in Saginaw Valley. The last seen of him by his friends was in the latter part of November, since which time all trace of him had disappeared. When he left here it is supposed he had a large sum of money with him, and he was undoubtedly murdered for his money.

Chicago Lard.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—The reading of the report of the Committee appointed to investigate the charges of adulteration of lard, made against Fowler Bros. on 'Change this morning, verified the statement made in these dispatches last night. The particular charge against the firm of tendering a quantity of adulterated lard to McGeoch, Everingham & Co., was not verified, and the Committee exonerated the firm on that point. The report proceeds, however, and takes the stand that Fowler Bros. deserve unqualified disapproval and censure for methods they have observed in the manufacturing of "prime steam lard." The employment of secret pipes and other appliances, the report declares, lays the firm open to suspicion of using cotton seed oil and other contraband articles in making lard, and unless opportunity for even this suspicion is removed the Board of Trade should be relieved from all responsibility in the matter. The report concludes by expressing gratification at the results obtained by the investigation, and declares that as the result of the scientific research provoked by the trial the detection of impurities in lard by the employment of the microscope can be easily detected, and that the placing of an impure article upon the market could be made practically impossible if proper inspection takes place.

The Heroes Not All Dead.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 20—Dr. Philip E. Blesch, a physician of this City, took his wife and children out for a drive, last evening, and when in the eastern portion of the City, near the Scioto Valley Railroad track, a train coming along frightened the horse, and the latter got out at the horse's head, and held on to him until the bit broke, when the horse plunged over him, tearing west on Friend street, at a frightful speed with the helpless wife and children. A young man by the name of Robert Kent, seeing the great danger of the inmates of the buggy as they came flying towards him, caught on to the rear of the vehicle, climbed over on the horse's back, and reaching its head held on until he slackened his speed, and with the assistance of some street car men who saw his noble daring, and rushed to his aid. The occupants of the carriage were not hurt although nearly frightened to death. The Doctor was quite badly injured. Young Kent's bravery was wonderful, and but few persons would attempt such a thing. He no doubt saved some of their lives.

Collecting Internal Revenue in the Indian Territory.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—A difficulty has arisen in collecting internal revenue taxes in the Indian Territory. A special Deputy Collector, who was recently sent from Leavenworth to the Chickasaw Nation to discover whether any of the merchants were selling tobacco or other goods without paying any special tax, reports that he was met by the Governor of the Nation, who soundly abused him and called him an ignoramus, carpet-bagger, and other opprobrious epithets. The Governor ordered him out of the Territory and instructed the merchants to pay nothing, as the United States has no right, he claims, to collect taxes there. The Collector, fearing a personal attack, left. It is likely that force will have to be used or Congress will be called upon to take action in the premises.

Civil Service.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Eaton, President of the Civil Service Commission, had a conference with Hon. Amos Kenney, Secretary of the Treasury to-day in regard to the right of the latter to make certain promotions in the Treasury Department under the civil service law. Eaton said it had been held by the Commission that inasmuch as they had not yet prepared suitable regulations looking to this subject, and as such regulations could not be enforced till they should receive the approval of the President, the Department was at liberty to make all necessary promotions at once, under regulations heretofore in force. There are only a few vacancies in the Treasury Department to be filled by promotion, and action in these will be taken in a day or two.

Wants a Reward for His Honesty.

DETROIT, Aug. 24.—It is said in the skiff attempt lately made to get possession of a money package in custody of the United States Express Company part of the program consisted in throwing a package out of an express car at a certain point near Kalamazoo, to be picked up by an accomplice. The first part of the arrangement was carried out, but the package was picked up by a young man not in the game, who supposed it was merely papers and handed it over to the authorized agent of that Company. It subsequently transpired that the package contained between $25,000 and $30,000 in currency, and the finder is talking of bringing suit against the company to recover a reward.

Big Mine Sale in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 22.—The Denver Tribune states that United States Senator Thomas M. Bowen has sold to M. W. Cooper, a New York millionaire, a controlling interest in the San Juan Consolidated Mines, at Summitville, near Del Norte, Col. The shares transferred were 151,000, and the price paid is stated to have been in the neighborhood of a million dollars.

Oklahama.

WICHITA, Kan., Aug. 23.—A. B. Steinmetz, of this City, who has been prominent in the Oklahama movement, has just returned from a tour through the Oklahama country. He says there are 600 colonists scattered along its streams, and they intend to stay unless expelled by armed force. They are anxiously awaiting a decision by the United States Court in Capt. Payne's suit.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has cured my Eczema of the scalp." John A. Andrews, Attorney, Ashton, Ill.

Yellow Fever Panic.

PENSACOLA, Aug. 23.—The advance Gazette issued this morning has the following: Pensacola was startled Wednesday morning by a report that two suspicious cases of sickness had been found on the Palafax wharf. The Board of Health decided to have the sick men removed and the infected house burned. This was accordingly done. Being placed in a small boat, the invalids were removed to the quarantine station; the fire department was called on the wharf, and after a good wetting down of adjacent property, the infected place was pulled down and the ruins and infected contents burned in the middle of the thoroughfare. This action added fuel to the fire of excitement, already under strong headway. Every one who could possibly leave the City made preparations for so doing, and the scene at the depot last night baffles description. It has been estimated that not less than 600 people left for different points, and about 100 got away this morning. Early this morning news came that one of the sick men had died, and the quarantine physicians would subject the body to a post-mortem examination. A little later news came that an examination had been held and no evidence of fever found. Later, an official announcement by Drs. Murry and Leonard was received, and the conclusion of it is that deceased died of pernicious malarial or remittent fever. Dr. Murry belongs to the Marine Hospital service, and was sent here by Surgeon General Hamilton. Dr. Leonard is an expert in yellow fever. The Health Officer, Dr. Cochran, was here, and agreed with the other doctors in pronouncing the case not yellow fever. The City is wild with joy, and sends happy greetings to its thousand friends. No new cases; no deaths at the navy yard.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 23.—The Board of Health to-night resolved to apply the non-intercourse proclamation to Cordenas, Matanzas, Santiago de Cuba and Cenfugos on account of yellow fever. It was also resolved to establish 10 days quarantine against vessels from Pensacola.

Steam Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The Supervising Inspector General of steam vessels reports that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1883, the total number of accidents resulting in loss of life was 34, of which 12 were from explosion, five from fire, 11 from collisions and six from snags, wrecks and sinking. Total number of lives lost by accidents from various causes during the year, 76, of which 60 were from explosion or accidental escape of steam, 82 from collision, 45 from fires, 50 from wrecks or founder, 33 from accidental drowning and five from other causes. As compared with the previous fiscal year the number of accidents to steamers was less, while the loss of life was greater. The main increase occurred in accidents caused by collisions, 48 lives being lost in excess of the number lost in 1882. The next greatest was in the loss by shipwreck, being 44 more than the previous year. The increase by explosions was 18. The loss of life by fire, accidental drowning and miscellaneous was less than the previous year.

The most serious single accident of the year was caused by the collision of the steamers Scioto and John Thomas, which occurred in the Ohio River near a place called Mingo Junction, July 4, resulting in the loss of 58 lives. A sad reflection in connection with the loss of life on the Scioto is the fact that notwithstanding the sinking of that vessel, very few lives need, necessarily, have been lost, as the saloon de

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Frederick Becker, at one time publisher of the National Demokrat, a German daily newspaper, has filed a bill in the Circuit Court charging his wife and children with defrauding him of $50,000 worth of property. While lying sick at home his wife, under a threat of starving him, forced him to deed all his property to their son-in-law, G. H. Fricke. This was in February, 1878. Having compelled him to comply with their wishes, they then shut the door upon him, sending him out into the world a pauper. He tried to return to his wife's home at Park Ridge, but found he was "ordered" away like a dog. He asks to have his property restored.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Annie King, a 14 year-old Polish girl employed by Springer & Co.'s cigar manufacturers, 112 Lake street, was the victim of a terrible accident to-day. A little after 2 p.m. she got on a heavy freight elevator at the place where she worked, and started upward to the fifth floor. When she attempted to stop it she found herself unable to do so. She tried to leap to the floor, but was caught between the descending elevator and the side of the shaft and instantly crushed to death. A patrolman removed her mangled body to her parents' home.

MT. GILEAD, Aug. 21.—A little nine-year-old daughter of George W. Wrean, a farmer residing in Canaan Township, was almost instantly killed yesterday morning by being run over by a wagon. Her father had been hauling manure, and when returning with the empty wagon the little girl got in for a ride. The horses became frightened and ran away, throwing her out, the wheels passing over her head, mangling it terribly. She lived about two hours after the accident.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 21.—J. M. Biggs, arrested at Eagle Grove with a large amount of counterfeit money in his possession, escaped from the United States Marshal at Marcus Station, on the Illinois Central Road, last night. Biggs was being brought to Sioux City for confinement in jail. He was shackled to a confederate named Johnson, and escaped by jumping from the car window.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 21.—Last night Capt. Heydt, an old man, while seated on the sidewalk in front of the Washington Hotel, was violently assaulted by Hugh Rosborough, from the effects of which he died. Capt. Heydt came to Baltimore several months ago from Ohio. He served in the 107th Ohio.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Aug. 21.—A few minutes before the departure of the 7 minute Richmond express train this morning, and while a large number of negro excursionists were gathered at the depot here, a young man pushed his way through the crowd, flourishing a revolver and in an excited manner called upon the people to get out of his way, that he would kill the first man who interfered with him, that his father was on the train and he meant to kill him. He searched the train and found his father standing on the platform of one of the cars, and began firing at him, striking him in the thigh twice. When questioned, he said his name was A. M. Sydes, living in Philadelphia, and had sworn to kill his father, D. Sydes, for deserting and slandering his mother. He said he had followed his father to New York and there to Norfolk. Domestic trouble grew out of the dissipated habits of his son and unsatisfied demands for money. The wounded man is dangerously hurt.

HARRISBURG, Va., Aug. 21.—Last night Col. George E. Dowell, an aged and respectable citizen of this County, before the war a member of the House of Delegates and State Senate of Virginia, shot dead a negro named Rivers Gaines and wife, an old couple living close by, were awakened by a noise, and the husband taking a pistol opened the door leading into an adjoining room, just in time to see the outer door forced open and a man step into the room. Dowell immediately fired, the ball passing directly through the heart of the negro, who fell forward on his face, dying without uttering a word. A neighbor hearing the shot rushed to the house, and dragged the body into the moonlight on the porch, where it was recognized. The negro's feet were muffled in rags to deaden sound.

YANKTON, Aug. 23.—News has been received here of the legal execution of Ah Yung, a Chinaman, in the jail yard at Messoula, Montana, two days ago, for the murder of another Chinaman, January 15. He protested his innocence to the very last, but that his fate without flinching. One hundred persons were present by permission of the Sheriff.

RUTLAND, Vt., Aug. 22.—J. M. Haven, ex-Treasurer of the Rutland Railroad, was arrested to-night, charged with the overissue of 47,117 shares preferred stock of the Rutland Railroad.

NEWBURY, Aug. 22.—The American Lumber Company's barn at Dollarville caught fire to-day from sparks from a log heap, and in a short time half the buildings in the place were in flames. The barn, which is called the best in the State, was burned to the ground, together with 16 dwelling houses and all their contents. Two children were burned to death, and a great many people escaped only with what clothes they had on. The loss is estimated at $120,000; partially covered by insurance.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23—Elizabeth Cameron, 28 years old, was shot through the head and instantly killed in her apartments this morning by George Beattie, 44 years old. After killing her Beattie shot himself through the heart and fell dead across her body. The cause of the murder and suicide is unknown.

Mrs. Cameron was the wife of Noremac, the pedestrian, and Beatty had been Noremack's bartender, but was dismissed because of his drinking habits, and it is supposed he committed the deed from feelings of malice toward Noremac.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 22.—Michael Hoof, of this City, met with a bad mishap time yesterday. He was passing a couple of young men who were shooting at a target with a target gun, and one of the shooters pointed his gun towards him and shouted "look," and fired, the shot passing through his back into his lung. Hoof was immediately taken deathly sick, while the marksmen passed it off as a joke. This morning he was attended by doctors, and they say his recovery is doubtful.

STEUBENVILLE, Aug. 22.—Richfield Logan was killed at his home in Wayne Township last evening by a kick from a horse. He had just returned from Cadiz with a new buggy, and while in the act of unhitching, one of the horses kicked him first in the temple, then in the side. His sister carried him into the house, and while going to a neighbor's for assistance he died. He was a man 40 years of age, unmarried, and was a hardworking, industrious farmer.

WELLS, Me., Aug. 24.—Further details of the drowning accident show that a party of 15 or 20 left Biddeford, Cliff House, yesterday at 9 A.M. and drove to Ogunquit Beach, where they arrived about 11 and entered the surf. The undertow and surf were running strong, and a heavy sea on. Although warned of the danger by various bathing too far, nearly the whole party were swept out by the undertow and four drowned. Four others were rescued in a critical condition, but at last accounts were doing well. The rest of the party reached the shore safely. Rev. Mr. Little, of Washington, D. C., succeeded in rescuing his wife and one son. Eddie was drowned. Full list of the victims: Greenough Thayer, North Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Emma Gould, Andover, Mass.; Miss Kittie Safford and Eddie Little, Washington, D. C. Search is being made for the bodies, but without success.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., Aug. 24.—J. A. Reilly, proprietor of a notorious resort, was shot and killed last night by unknown assailants, while in jail under arrest. Reilly was arrested at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and locked up; he was not seen again by his keeper till one o'clock at night, when a policeman visited the cell and found him dying, with a bullet through his left hand, nose and left temple. His head bore the marks of beating with an blunt instrument. He breathed his last without giving a clue as to his assailants.

ZANESVILLE, O., Aug. 24.—Shortly after midnight last night, the Superintendent of the County Infirmary found Lottie and Emily Littlefield, sisters, who had been admitted the day before, on the ground beneath their windows. The first named is dead and the other is perhaps fatally injured. They had attempted to escape by means of a rope made of bed clothing, but could not hold fast and fell 30 feet. It is said the women had been in good circumstances till recently, and when their only remaining relative refused to care for them they had to be sent to the Infirmary.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 25.—A bottle was picked up at Watch Hill Beach yesterday, containing the following inscription in pencil: "Brig Indiana foundered at sea, July 25, 1883. Passengers—F. S. Bamette and wife, Miss Bamette, Miss Baldwin and J. H. Paddock."

SCHRIEVILLE, O., Aug. 24.—Jerry Norris, one of the oldest and most prominent farmers of this County, was found hanging in his own home about five miles west of here, just after dinner. He had committed suicide in a fit of temporary in anity. He was subject to such fits for the past few years.

WARREN, Aug. 24.—Train No. 1 on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road brought K. B. Fitch to the City from Boston in the custody of Sheriff Hoyt. The prisoner was assigned quarters in the female prison, a front room in the jail building, where he was visited by his family and the bank officials. At 11 o'clock he was taken before Justice Herzog, where he waived examination, and was bound over to the next term of Court in the sum of $55,000. Fitch said he had made no arrangement to get bail, and he was remanded to jail. The preliminary hearing was conducted in the presence of two or three bank officials and police officers only, and the crowd was disappointed, so quietly was the prisoner brought from jail. The affidavits were sworn out by Mayor Ward, one of the directors of the bank, and charges the accused of embezzling $105,000. To-night the excitement which has possessed the City for a week has nearly subsided.

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 25.—Yesterday, six miles south of Clifton, Ariz., an express wagon loaded with Chinamen was attacked by three rustlers. The Chinamen returned the fire and mortally wounded one of the assailants. Four Chinamen were injured, two fatally. The robbers succeeded in getting $200.

BUFFALO, Aug. 22.—Josephine Beecher was arrested here last night, charged with an attempt to secure poison with which to poison her husband. Beecher has on several occasions been taken ill, and it is believed it was caused by poison being placed in his food. Mrs. Beecher is possessed of some property, and has lately been receiving attention from one of her boarders.

EAST SAGINAW, Aug. 26.—Caleb Lincoln, a farmer living four miles southeast of Saginaw City, was instantly killed at a late hour last night by his son Charles, an unmarried man living at his home. The old man was addicted to drink, and when in liquor was very quarrelsome. About two years ago he fractured his son's skull in a quarrel. Last night he went home drunk, and getting possession of a revolver he levelled it at the son, when the latter drew his own weapon and shot three balls into the old man's head. He came to the City and gave himself up this morning.

SAVANNAH, Aug. 26.—Henry Hertel and his wife, German shopkeepers, were found to-day murdered in their store. Customers went to the store this morning and found it closed; peeping through the blinds they saw Hertel on the floor in a pool of blood. The door was burst in and the man found lying in the middle of the room with a handkerchief tied over his eyes and his skull crushed in. The wife was found in a calico wrapper lying on the sofa in the parlor, with her throat cut and one arm nearly severed. An immense crowd collected and the police were notified. Hertel was supposed to have a large sum of money. Hertel and wife were middle aged and highly respected Germans. There is intense excitement.

BATTLE CREEK, Aug. 25.—Frank Smith was arrested this morning at Olivet on a charge of assault with intent to ravish Olive L. Wheeler Wednesday night. She came from Sauk Center, Stark County, Minn., met the young man, was enticed to the fair ground and escaped, but with her mind unsettled. It was found that she belonged to the Sanitarium, and now complaint has been made. Smith was held for further examination Tuesday, the 28th, under $500 bonds.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Aug. 26.—An alarm was rung in this morning for fire in a two story tenement house occupied by eight families. The fire spread with frightful rapidity, and before the inmates could be taken out four were smothered and one fatally injured by jumping from the building.

John Savage was the first to discover the fire. He gave the alarm and jumped to the ground, a distance of 30 feet. He had one leg broken. John McLaughlin, awakened by the cries of Savage, saved his wife and girls and two of his boys, Willie and James. In his second attempt to return he was driven back by the flames. Little George McLaughlin reached the roof. A canvas was spread in the street below and he was told by his father to jump into the canvas. The boy bravely jumped, missed the canvas and was fatally injured. His mother, crazed with anguish, attempted three times to enter the burning building to save her other boy, and received such injuries before she could be be secured that she is not expected to live. Mrs. Fred Savage and her children, Katie and Mamie, suffocated, and their bodies were found where they had been sleeping. The fire immediately started in Savage's apartments, and is believed to have been caused by a kerosene lamp which one brother threw at the other.

PARK CITY, U. T., Aug. 26.—At a late hour last night a number of masked men stopped Engineer Thomas, Roadmaster Hughes and a fireman in the employ of the Utah Eastern Railway, compelled them to return to the shops, and, taking an engine and caboose, run about 20 masked men to a coal Village about 20 miles distant. Leaving a number of men in charge of the train, the vigilantes proceeded to the County Jail. Bringing guns to bear on the officers, they obtained control of the jail, and, taking a man named Jack Murphy from his cell, returned to the train and ordered an immediate return to Park City. Upon arriving, the vigilantes took Murphy and hung him to a telegraph pole near the station, the body being viewed by a number of passengers on the early trains. Murphy was arrested on suspicion of having shot Brennan last Wednesday and confined in jail, awaiting trial.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 26.—Last night a well-dressed girl about 20 years of age left the street car at the stock yards bridge across the Kaw River, went to the bridge, placed her hat, parasol and gloves upon the railing, then sprang into the water, and after rising twice was seen no more. Today the apparel was recognized as that of Miss Aggie Patterson, niece of Alderman Patterson, of this city. No cause for the act is known, although once the young lady had manifested signs of mental aberration. Her body was not recovered.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Aug. 27.—There was an accident on the Panhandle Road this morning, near Mingo Junction, within 100 yards of the great disaster of 1878. The east-bound freight, 10 minutes late, collided with the Cincinnati express passenger train, on time. Both engines and one postal car were wrecked. Engineer Chas. Woolf; of Dennison, O., Clerks Wm. Newman and John B. Hoyt, both of Indianapolis, were injured—Hoyt fatally.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 26.—O'Brien's circus exhibited at LaGrange, 30 miles from this City, August 17, and while there Ben Alexander, a negro attache, was arrested for carrying deadly weapons. In default of fine inflicted he was sent to jail, where he remained until this afternoon, when getting hold of a rope by some unknown means, he hanged himself. When discovered he was dead.

ALBION, Mich., Aug. 26.—Charles Sebastian and his father-in-law, farmers, of the town of Sheridan, were run over by the fast train Saturday night. Sebastian's father-in-law was killed and the horses were instantly killed and Sebastian was horribly mangled and will probably die.

RALEIGH, Aug. 27.—This morning Henry Jones was hanged for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Alvis A. Blake last year. The execution was private. Jones made profession of religion, and was remarkably self-possessed before the execution and on the gallows. Death ensued in 10 minutes from strangulation. Jones was 23 years old. He leaves a wife and infant.

DETROIT, August 27.—Evidence is now very strong to show that A. A. Atherton, County Treasurer of Roscommon County, has skipped with funds amounting to about $18,000, of which $6,000 belonged to the Village, $5,000 to Gerrish Township, $1,800 to Harvey Emery, a poor man, and smaller amounts to various other persons and Townships.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 27.—Harry Packard, of Hartford, Conn., an employe of Barnum, was crushed this morning by one of the elephants and afterwards died at the Cincinnati Hospital.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 27.—Freeholder John J. Hall, Fifth Ward, is missing, with $1,200 borrowed money. The Trenton *Times* says that forged notes aggregating between $3,000 and $4,000 have been discovered. The facts as contained in these statements are hard to obtain, as the principal sufferers are understood to be Hall's friends, and they refuse to divulge the amount of the losses. In Trenton, Hall had borrowed sums ranging from $100 to $8,000. Cornelius Hardenburg and Thomas Warren are said to be the principal sufferers in New Brunswick. The entire loss there will probably amount to $30,000. Hall was a contractor for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it was an easy matter for him to borrow from sub-contractors.

AKRON, O., Aug. 27.—Part of the cornice on an unfinished building fell to-day, and striking a scaffolding, precipitated three men standing thereon, into the basement, 25 feet below. Samuel Harper, stone mason, was crushed by a 300 pound stone and died in 20 minutes. Wm. Carmichael was badly injured, and J. A. Koheler, candidate for the Legislature, caught on a projecting piece of iron and held on till rescued, escaping uninjured.

Porter Hill, formerly of Monroe Township, hanged himself to-day in a fit of despondency. He leaves a wife and two children.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 28.—William M. Hoyt, the postal clerk injured in yesterday's disaster on the Pan Handle road at Mingo Junction, died last night.

CONNEAUT, O., Aug. 27.—Porter Hill, living at Kelloggsville, O., six miles south of here, suicided yesterday morning by hanging. Cause, financial troubles.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Inspector Thorne received a dispatch this afternoon, stating that the excursion steamer "Riverdale" had blown up at the foot of Sixteenth street, North River, and calling for all the ambulances in the City.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 28.—A fatal encounter occurred early this morning, near Tonden City, this County, between Louis Phillips and Jacob Rosenbrook, both residents of Bowling Green Township, in which the latter was killed instantly and the former so badly wounded he died in four hours afterwards. The affair had its origin in a grudge of long standing, growing out of disrespectful remarks by Phillips concerning Rosenbrook's sister. Each time they met they quarreled, and yesterday morning they decided to settle the matter in a duel with pistols, to be fought at 6 o'clock this morning, at the place mentioned. They chose as their seconds Mike Swank and Jack Wren, who were present and witnessed the shooting. Rosenbrook fired first, the ball entering Phillips' mouth. Phillips staggered, and, before falling, discharged his weapon, the ball taking effect in one side of Rosenbrook's mouth, ranging upward through the head. Both duelists were young men, Phillips being about 22 years of age, and a school teacher. Neither of the seconds have as yet been arrested.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 27.—Last night Mrs. Holzel, aged 37, died suddenly at her home, rear of 580 Fourth street. Officer Trellson, of the Associated Charities, visited the premises, a filthy hovel, and encountered a revolting and sickening spectacle. The woman lay half nude, and six large rats were devouring the body. The vermin had eaten away one side of her face and both eyes. Two little children were huddled in the same room nearly starved. The husband and father was found lying in front of the place, and grossly intoxicated. The body was taken to the morgue, where the inquest will be held, and the children were taken to a charitable institution. Trellson says there is no doubt that Mrs. Holzel was starved to death, or was killed by the rats when too weakened by privation to resist.

BATAVIA, Aug. 27.—Terrific detonations were heard yesterday evening from the volcanic island of Krakatow, audible at Soerakrata, on the Island of Java. Ashes from the volcano fell as far as Cheribon, and flashes proceeding from it were visible in Batavia.

Stones fell in a shower on Serany, which was in total darkness throughout the night. Batavia was nearly so, all gas lights having been extinguished during the night. Communication with Angier is stopped. It is feared there has been a calamity there. Several bridges between Angier and Serang were destroyed. Villages have been washed away, the rivers having overflowed because of the rush of the sea inland.

MINOR MENTION.

O'Donnell, the slayer of Informer Carey, will be sent to England for trial.

Frank Eastwood was shot and killed by Dave Jones, near Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Four negros are now jailed at Savannah, Ga., for the murder of Henry Hertell and wife.

Near Mattoon, Ill., David Woods and his team were stung to death by a swarm of honey bees.

A mad dog in the streets of Flushing, L. I., severely bit four children, two of whom are in a critical condition.

Near Welborn, Fla., John Dees was shot dead while riding in a buggy. The assassin was concealed in a school house.

An attempt to board a moving train at Grand Rapids resulted in the death of Hans Doerstare, a laborer from Holland.

At Ogden, Utah, Andrew Burt, City Marshal, was shot dead by a negro whom he was trying to arrest. The negro was lynched.

Two brothers named Cowan, living 13 miles west of Austin, quarreling about cattle, drew revolvers, and one of the brothers was killed.

Louis Selsor, a wealthy farmer near Massillon, O., was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while shooting rats about his premises.

Rioting between Catholics and Orangemen was renewed near Coalbridge last night. The police checked the disturbances and made 54 arrests.

Wm. Pope attempted to obtain a reconciliation with his wife near Woodville, Ill., but his advances were repelled. He then shot her and himself.

It is reported that A. A. Atherton, County Treasurer of Roscommon County, Mich., has absconded with about $18,000 belonging to the County.

The decomposed bodies of 12 children have been found in an undertaker's establishment of a suburb of London. Inquiries are afoot as to their identity.

It transpires that Jack Reilly, who was mysteriously murdered in the calaboose at Stevens Point, Wis., served six terms in the penitentiary at Waupun.

Two children, aged three and five years, of Thomas Fraser, of Mount Brydges, Ont., died from the effects of strychnine, administered by mistake of a druggist.

Wood Seeds, a prominent farmer, aged 85, was run over by an engine on the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railroad near Columbus, and instantly killed.

A collision of freight trains at Turner Station, seven miles west of Kansas City, demolished both engines and several cars, and caused a loss of $30,000 to the Santa Fe Road.

Lewis Jones, a coal miner and preacher among his Welsh brethren, suddenly fled from the village of Justus, near Massillon, O., to escape the consequence of outraging a 16-year-old girl.

John B. Sweeny, who is suspected of being implicated in the Vinita train robbery, was arrested at Missouri City by the Sheriff of Clay County. Sweeny was visiting relatives when captured.

At Jersey City, two butchers (Alexander Nicholas and Jas. A. Thompson) quarreled concerning business. Nicholas stabbed Thompson with a large butcher knife, inflicting probably fatal wounds.

The Federal authorities at Chicago arrested J. H. Armstrong, alias H. C. Bechelle, for using the mails to effect the sale of packages of counterfeit money. His circulars were directed mainly to points in Colorado.

John M. Hale, a piano manufacturer of New York, who was summering with his family at Belfee, O., was drowned in the Ohio River while trying to rescue a son, who was also drowned. The bodies were recovered.

A young farmer named Morris, living a few miles from Gilmore, O., while turning a horse in pasture was kicked and fatally hurt. He was struck in the abdomen, and has been unable to speak since the accident. He cannot recover.

At Cairo, Ill., John Phillips, colored, was assaulted with an ax by his father-in-law, Warren. Defending himself, Phillips stabbed and killed Warren with a pocket-knife. Phillips was severely cut about the head by Warren's ax.

Ed. Kemp dunned Fred Oattlee at the latter's home, near Cleveland, for $45 owed two or three years. A quarrel ensued, ending in Oattlee firing four bullets into Kemp, inflicting probably mortal wounds. One ball went nearly through his head.

A train on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road ran through a switch a few miles west of Salamanca, N. Y., yesterday morning, and the cars were wrecked badly. None of the passengers were killed and comparatively few were hurt in any way.

At Cincinnati, Henderson Harrison and Benjamin Franklin, colored plasterers, got into a dispute, when Franklin struck Harrison with a hatchet. Harrison wrested the weapon from Franklin and cut him on the head and shoulders till left for dead.

Monday night Edward Walker forced his way into a pleasure party given by Wiley Robison, at Woodin, IL. He insulted the wife of the host and when the latter protested drew a revolver and killed him. The murderer was arrested, and there is talk of lynching.

A burglar named J. P. Kennedy was shot and killed while attempting to commit a burglary at Birmingham, 18 miles from Detroit, at an early hour Sunday morning. But little is known of him in that City, but the police say he was a dangerous man and a professional burglar.

At Macon, Mo., George Stewart shot and killed Walter Tracy yesterday. The murder grew out of the refusal on Tracy's part to live with Stewart's sister, whom Stewart compelled Tracy to marry a few weeks ago, Stewart's sister having alleged seduction, an abortion was escaped.

The elevator in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, started up of its own accord, Friday. Max Wallenstein, the conductor, was standing outside. He sprang forward to stop it and was caught between the car and floor above. His thighs were broken, and he received other injuries from which he will die.

Asahel Sanger and Carl Stein, workmen in Huppel's brewery, New York, entered a large mash-tub to do some work. Ignorant of their presence, the engineer set the machinery in motion, and life was literally pounded out of Sanger. Stein was caught under the machinery and severely injured, but was taken out alive.

A special from Caledonia, Minn., says: Nicholas Onden and his son John, of Crooked Creek, were suffocated Sunday morning in a cistern. They had built a fire in it Saturday to dry it, and Sunday morning the son went down to start the fire. The father, seeing his son lying at the bottom, procured a rope, went down, and when putting it about his son's body, fell dead.

Last Saturday morning, John McCabe, a carpenter, was found dead on the pike, eight miles north of Lancaster, O., and it was supposed he had fallen dead with heart disease. A medical examination, however, discloses that the skull was crushed in, as with a blunt instrument, and his neck was broken, and the conclusion now is that he was murdered for his money. He left the Town of Winchester late the night before with over $100 in his pocket, none of which was on his person when found.

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Proctor Knott's majority for Governor of Kentucky is 49,000.

The liabilities of Joseph T. Paul, the Boston lumber dealer, whose failure is announced, are said to be about $80,000.

The British Government has granted a pension of $1,300 a year to Matthew Arnold, the famous English poet and essayist.

Prof. Swift, of Rochester, who announced the discovery of a new comet, telegraphs Harvard University it is not a comet but a nebula.

The passenger rate on all the railroads between Chicago and Buffalo has been reduced to $20 for the round trip, being a reduction of $2.

Mrs. Julia B. Newberry, of Chicago, has been declared the rightful possessor of the estate of her deceased daughter, after refusing to accept it under the will.

The estimate of leather in the vats at the seven Maine tanneries belonging to F. Shaw & Bros., is 3,000 tons, which if finished and sold in market would bring $1,200,000.

A secret organization of poor-renters is said to be in existence in Indiana. They are armed and have masks and watchwords. Their purpose is not understood.

Members of the Colby family authorize a denial of the story that Mr. Charles L. Colby, son of the late Gardner Colby, has given $1,000,000 to found a university in Wisconsin.

Peter Dillard, the Commonwealth's Attorney of Henry County, Va., has been arrested and held in $10,000 not to engage in a duel with Col. W. E. Sims, of Pittsylvania County.

Judge Ewing, Tom Ewing's brother, says it looks to him as though the Republicans were going to carry the State. He is pained to see Judge Hoadly making so many errors.

The steamer "Sonia," from New Zealand via the Straits of Magellan, has arrived at Plymouth with 13,000 frozen carcasses of sheep in good condition. She made the voyage in 45 days.

Two operators (returned strikers) have been dismissed from the Western Union service in New York for calling operators who did not strike and with whom they are working, "scabs."

George Stephens, a Director of the Canadian Pacific Road, has lately erected in Montreal a mansion costing $1,000,000. He and Donald Smith have given $50,000 each to hospitals and schools.

Major Burke, of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, announces himself a candidate for the United States Senate in the place of Jonas. It is believed that Jonas has no chance of re-election.

At Nevado, Mo., John Smith shot James Blue, while Blue was on the roof of his own house. Blue as soon as he descended seized a shot gun and opened up on Smith. Both parties were wounded fatally.

A second intermarriage of Chinese and whites having taken place hurriedly in Augusta, Georgia, the bill now pending in the Legislature against such mixture of blood will be pushed to a conclusion.

The Directors of the Canada Pacific Road, accompanied by 40 capitalists of Europe and America, have left Montreal by special train for a trip to the base of the Rocky Mountains, extending three weeks.

Gladstone stated in the Commons in reply to Parnell that he regretted that the Lords had rejected the Irish Registration Bill, and that he would introduce a new measure on the subject at the next session.

The Directors of the Warren Second National Bank have made an assessment of 75 per cent. on the capital stock, half payable within 10 days and half within 30. When the $75,000 is paid in the bank will reopen for business.

The Comptroller of Tennessee, in accordance with a recent law, has notified seven railroad companies that he will at once proceed to assess them for taxess which accrued prior to 1875. The amount involved is at least $1,000,000.

It is considered noteworthy that the army officers of Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, have tendered the use of the Arsenal Band to the Confederate Association of Missouri for the reunion to be held in Jefferson City August 28 and 29.

The miners of the Tuscarawas Valley met at Clinton to consider the question of insisting on an advance of 10 cents per ton September 1, according to the recommendation of the State Convention last May. It was agreed to insist on the advance.

Gen. Augur has ordered paymasters in the department of Texas to report every case where officers' accounts have been transferred in violation of army regulations, and post traders are prohibited from handling pay accounts not entirely due.

Assistant General Freight Agent McCormick, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, resigned after 23 years of continuous service and engages in commercial business, and will be succeeded by C. L. Rising, Commercial Agent of the Wabash Road, with headquarters at Chicago.

A special from Lawrenceburg, Ind., says the directors of the City National Bank have been notified from Washington that they must settle up their affairs any days they choose. The cashier says he thinks they can pay 50 per cent. of the indebtedness in 30 days, and the remainder in 90 days.

There is talk of consolidating the Postal, American Rapid, Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Companies, with the expectation of forming a formidable rival of the Western Union. Some say the Western Union will prefer to gobble the lot in one lump to taking them in separately.

George Peck, author of the Bad Boy stories, has sued out an injunction in the United States Court at Boston to restrain Dan. Sully from using his mane in a drama to be called "Peck's Bad Boy," or some similar name. Sully had completed the play and was preparing for its production. Peck himself is also preparing the plot of a play.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times says the statement that Tricou would shortly leave China for Japan is an admission of the suspension of negotiations between France and China. The return, says the correspondent, of Tricou to Japan is evidently a device for getting him away from Shanghai, without the open appearance of a ruptura.

Ex-Judge Small, proprietor of the extensive hop farm in Waukesha County, Wis., says his plants have been affected by hot, stifling southwest winds the past week. He thinks the crop of the State will be seriously reduced, but says brewers will not be affected, as he thinks they regard hops more as a luxury than necessity in the manufacture of beer.

A dinner was given by Elliot F. Shepard in New York to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England. Among the guests were Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Jas. Hanner, Hon. Jas. C. Hanner, Chas. Russell, M. P., M. P. Morton, M. P. Q. C. Chief Justice Waite and Attorney General Brewster.

The London Times says the release of Shaw, British missionary at Madagascar, from the French prisoner by the French, was the Tamatave difficulty, which should never have arisen. The Times says France is really athirst for peace, and the article of the North German Gazette attacking her was therefore a wanton aggression.

Frank R. Sherman, formerly a merchant at Milwaukee, and a broker at New York, who met with financial reverses but overcame them in New Mexico, and is now a millionaire, was refused the hand in marriage of a daughter of ex-Gov. Gilpin, of Colorado. She was sent to Baltimore recently, and telegraphed Mr. Sherman at Milwaukee, who hastened East, and a day or two ago they were married.

Malaria has appeared at several New Hampshire lumber and summer people are ill. Lewis, a wealthy Philadelphian, died at his cottage yesterday of malignant typhoid fever. His servants and family are ill. Defective drainage is the supposed cause of the trouble. Mrs. Ward, hotel guest, at Rye Beach, also died yesterday.

Two gentlemen who have recently spent a considerable time in Maryland report that the split among the Democrats of that State is beyond healing, and in Baltimore the factional differences are said to be such that all attempts at a compromise of the difficulties have been abandoned. The Democrats are despondent of success this Fall, and the Republicans are correspondingly jubilant.

The Paris Telegraphe says Waddington, French Ambassador at London, has informed Granville, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Shaw, the British Missionary who is a prisoner of the French in Madagascar, was arrested as a dignitury of the Hova Government and not as a British subject. Shaw had access to the Government councils, and it is charged he excited the Hovas to resist the demands of the French.

The official statement of business on all lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg and Erie for seven months of 1883, as compared with the same period in 1882, shows a net increase of earnings of $174,345. All lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for seven months of 1883 show a surplus over all liabilities of $309,620, a decrease as compared with the same period of 1882 of $45,340.

The Irish Tramways bill, which has just passed the British Parliament, provides for a Government loan of $5,000,000 for the construction of narrow gauge steam railways in the West of Ireland. The Government empowers the Paruellites, while the bill was pending, that not more than the $500,000 provided for in the bill would be used to assist emigration from Ireland.

Comprehensive reports of the condition of the cotton crop in the Nashville district indicates that there will be no falling off from the yield of last year.

The Columbus Sunday Capital, which has heretofore supported the Democratic ticket, cannot stomach the Hoadly-Bookwalter arrangement, and has bolted.

The Pittsburg Glass Gatherers' Assembly, numbering 170 members, have seceded from the Knights of Labor, and will enter the Flint Glasworkers' Association next Sunday.

Ex-Gov. Benjamin Conley, Postmaster at Atlanta, and five attaches of the office, have been removed on account of general dissatisfaction with the service they were rendering.

The Zanesville Oil Company struck a fine vein of lubricating oil at Blue Rock, 15 miles down the river, at a depth of 30 feet. There is great excitement, and their stock has risen 300 per cent.

A bill in chancery is about to be filed against Josiah W. Begole, Governor of Michigan, charging him with malfeasance in the management of the estate of his deceased son, Frank C. Begole.

Mr. Robert Cratty, a wealthy citizen of Prospect, O., began his 100th year on Friday. A large company of friends assembled at his home to extend their congratulations. His wife, who is still living, is 87.

It is alleged in a telegram from Memphis that D. W. Davis, formerly of Louisville, and late Secretary and Treasurer of the Chickasaw Guards, is short in his accounts with the company to the extent of $600 or $1,000.

Madison Raynold, formerly a merchant and produce dealer, and for 60 years a citizen of Canton, O., died Thursday, in the 76th year of his age. His four sons are well known in New Mexico and Colorado as the founders of the Reynolds chain of banks.

Walter F. Pool, Congressman-elect from the First North Carolina District, died at Elizabeth City, N. C., Saturday morning, after a long illness. He had recently returned from Hot Springs, Ark., and was thought to be somewhat improved in health. He was 52 years old.

The missing Miss Murphy, whose disappearance from the home of her father, on Laurel street, Cincinnati, was so much of a mystery a year ago, has returned. She came back in a hack, closely veiled and dressed in black, and no explanation has been made of her strange conduct beyond that furnished by her father, that she visited relatives in the East.

Calculations show that in addition to $40,000 subscribed by the public for the Triennial Conclave, the California Commanderies have spent out of their own pockets $130,000 in entertaining their visitors. The California Commandery of San Francisco alone spent $10,000, and the DeWitt Clinton, of Virginia City, Nev., the same amount.

J. H. Saunders, of the special United States Treasury Commission, just returned from Europe, expresses the belief, in a published interview, that England will remove the restrictions on the importation of American cattle, but that Germany will not remove the restrictions on American pork until this Government inaugurates a thorough inspection.

Conflagrations.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 21.—In addition to the forest fires which have been raging several days, fires have broken out in several new places. Smoke like a heavy pall envelopes the island, and renders respiration difficult. A heavy fire has just broken out in the forest, on the southwest side of the Green Mountains. A gang of men is fighting the flames to keep them off of the railroad and Summit House. large amount of wood work was necessary in the construction of the railroad, and if the winds strike from the right direction, it will go like tinder. The whole mountain is hidden in a black cloud of smoke. So many and destructive fires have been unknown here for years and a large amount of valuable timber has been destroyed.

A fire has broken out on the other three sides of the mountain, and from below it looks as if the Mountain House and summit is surrounded. Heavy rains only will subdue the flames.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 22.—An Ashland dispatch says that forest fires have been raging about the City all day, and the place had a narrow escape from destruction. The mills have shut down, and the men have turned out in gangs to fight the flames. The Summit depot caught fire several times, but was saved. A hundred men sent in an Omaha gravel train were distributed along the borders of the Town with citizens. At 9 P. M. a shower came up and the fire was extinguished.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—A fire broke out shortly after 11 this morning in the packing shop of the Empire Oil Works, Long Island City. The shop is a brick structure, over 150 feet long, and at all hours is employed in the shop, and the wildest excitement prevailed among them. The flames spread rapidly, and the shop was soon a seething mass of flames, with which the local department was totally unable to cope. The shop building, 175 by 250 feet, next caught, and was followed by the barrel shop, about the same size. The flames next spread to one of the largest agitators in the world, containing 50,000 barrels of oil. The Brooklyn fire department was called on for aid, and several engines quickly responded, but although they worked hard, the flames spread in every direction. Patrick Cooney, workman, is very badly burned, and three other workmen are also injured severely. James Clara was badly injured by a falling wall. The fire is believed to have been caused by a workman accidentally dropping his hot soldering iron into an oil can.

The loss is estimated at between $200,000 and $400,000; no insurance. When the fire broke out there were seven vessels at the Company's docks, some loaded with oil. Tug boats hauled them out of danger.

YOUNGSTOWN, Aug. 22.—A News-Register special from Mineral Ridge, O., says: Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Garry, who occupy the rooms above Davis Bros.' store, were awakened by the violent barking of the house dog. Mrs. Garry arose, and, lamp in hand, was about to leave the room, when a terrific explosion took place, breaking the lamp into a thousand pieces and enveloping her in a cloud of dust and falling plaster. Quickly seizing what articles of wearing apparel within reach Mr. and Mrs. Garry and their children made their escape from the doomed building, which, shaken to its very foundation, was soon wrapped in flames. Willing hands worked faithfully, but the fire had gained so much headway that very little could be saved. A bureau, with its contents, belonging to Mr. Garry, was saved, while a show-case, three bed-steads, a few pieces of gingham and calico, besides a few small articles which amount to but very little, was all that was left of Davis Bros.' stock of goods. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

CHESTER, Pa., Aug. 22.—The large paper mill of J. Howard Lewis, in Springfield Township, burned this morning. While the fire was burning a boiler in the mill exploded, killing one man, Jesse Morrison, and seriously injuring two or three others, including Lewis, the proprietor. Loss about $80,000, nearly covered by insurance. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been spontaneous combustion of rags.

MADISON, Ind., Aug. 24.—The immense wheat elevator of Trow & Co., containing 100,000 bushels of wheat was totally destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock this morning. Loss, $125,000; insurance, $50,000. The elevator will be rebuilt.

LESSER BLAZES.

At Brashear, Mo., fire destroyed the postoffice, three stores and carpenter shop. Loss $30,000.

J. V. Olds' spoke and hub factory, at